



Canopy Of Azure



Sachiko Tamaki

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*This story involves shocking, obscene descriptions, and some of them may have the impression to be inadequate in modern society.

However, for the purpose to create fictional reality for humanity within this history-based fiction, these are determined to be appropriate for the setting of this novel by the author.

The chemical substances written in the Chapter I are often very dangerous.

Foreword

The refulgent nimbus, what is the most fascinating aspect of this is the ethereal, but definite existence, and the contrast is utter clear from its inner part, rather dimly absorbing.

Opening the windows, then there is the sky as usual, as well as the lives of the world, such things are the roofs of the houses, the boards of the stores, then I feel the people, who have been lived in those places until the moment when I have the sight of these.

However, the air among them, unobservable distinction between our places and the far above, nature welcomes our history, but it forbids in some sense.

When my aspiration to write about the light of nimbus, in other words, such obvious, yet intangible form of configurations that presumably include humanity of soul, was impossible to be tolerated, I, the atheist's (If there was...) attempt was the story about God and the civilizations, with the people who are uttermost within the nearest proximity from the Almighty, beyond the time of historical scale.

As the material was in some parts, the non-fiction based, and for the permission of creativity that has the liberal relationship with the trace of reality, consequently, they are beloved attractiveness in my novel, and hopefully, of the truth.

This, my forth story was initiated as the inspiration from the old cemetery behind the church in one evening, and I never hide my confession for my first plan as the love story with the idea of incarnation, but as soon as I made up about Le-bada, his alchemy changed everything during my days for this book.

Is this the story about death or live, or precisely the soul ? Indeed, there is the freedom to think about it, and I like it, since it dominates my wish as ever, for literature, for the film adaptation.

My fifth writing is going to be the short story like before.
See you pretty casually.

Yours sincerely,

Sachiko Tamaki

The end of August 2014, after the Lauds in Buenos Aires

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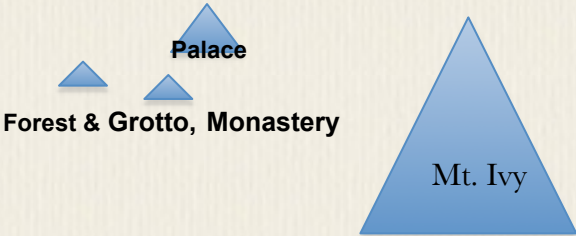
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Ceth

(Cave)

Cylarza

Verathz



Greece →

← Carthage

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Chapter I-I The Latter Of The Fifth Century (AD)



(1) The Monastery

The essence of the effulgent fluency shining through the lancet windows, the abbot of Cylarza was walking to the nave and nearly on the altar, when these exhibited the most of their silent praying, if the resurrection reoccurred, such whim was by the sun in the morning, it spoke the hymns to Christ on the cross, then the abbot bent his body to the lamb engraved on the golden stone, and he thought that the Creation embraced whom under the feet of Jesus, topaz, amethyst, the tints of nature, the harmony of cloud and wave, yet the Lord was in pain on there, looking at nowhere, his eyes and chins, he couldn't see towards heaven with his corporeality that was making shadow. The Son was in lament without words. The abbot always kept his time alone in the oratory, before the Solemn Hour of the Mass, and listened to the embellished faith among tranquility.

For the Entry, the door was opened to him for where was not to live nor to die, and the monks had already begun their celebrated chorus for Easter Sunday, the aligned candles on the evening credence rigged, no existing time of them, for the promised place, and the sound of the portable organ and the vielle¹ carried every soul, untethered to be absorbed into the Above. As the abbot ascended to the altar, the two accompanied monks set the chalice of wine and bread to provoke the mind of heaven, and the sensor swayed with the harmonious melody of glory. The end emerged, but the celebrant's blessing for the sacrifice was sorely, each

sign of cross for the Trinity, the three times for the One to the Throne to be Their Dominion by the Father, the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.²

The preparation for the feast had been since the day before. Under the detailed direction by the cellarer monk Yonatan, the containers of the foods and drinks were carried to the refectory. And when they fastened their aprons on the tunics, the olive oil was mixed with the bottles of vinegar for their salads that were the gratitude of the soil and their agricultural work, as well as the sun tinted the apricots, for their nutrients were sufficient for them as the invigorated ingredients, and they were waiting for the cakes to be burnt on the special days of the spring. Surrounding the dine tables, all the participants were rejoiced in silence. The tankards of beer were with the piquant dessert, the seasoned tastes in sugary and nutty, and for some of them couldn't leave to their dormitories without the dipped turnips into the mustard. The viol player Kadid passed the dish to his partner of their Mission, and Haran picked up the fresh by his delicate hand for that time, which was always the enchanted sketch for his portable organ.

In fact, God surely perceived their perspiration under the sun during the daylight. Every weekday, all the monks went out to the field to plough. Especially, the vernal occasion was for the sowing of the crops, as well as that the arable soil was selected for the upcoming summer, such as for lentils and vetches. While the monk Samuel was watering the land, it was noticed that the one of the lambs was in stray, hence as it was to see again in belief in their Mother, the harmony was made by the lay brother Hegi, and Zakai, to bless Theotokos,³ and their voices were as if the tender cottons in the sky, the wave of tune was evanescently soaked up into the air, and the wonderer appeared among the trees, in al-

most at the same time for the carps in the reservoir to splash, after their creations, then the melody echoing over the mountainous terrain of the land of Cylarza, where the sycamore leaves, such merciful Virgin-like magnificence, eternity, which nobody had ever resolved the mystery, because the lakes and the meadows with the promise of the Almighty, not to reveal, yet the tiny flowers also among the cliffs, and the figs were rustled by the fragrance of the air and the water. Nature under heaven, the promise of the resurrection, it was the veiled rationale for the equal soul, the motion of the restoration, and actually it bestowed, thus as their melody was listened by the people in the warm bath of the infirmary of the monastery, under the care of the medical assistant monks Liron and Job, from the glaze at a slant ajar on the wall, to moderate the temperature, the invalids were not in the wistful appreciation.

When the sun was set into the horizon of the Mediterranean Sea, it was enough visible from Cylarza where was located almost in the center, the south of Rome, between Carthage and Athens, and it contained the five regions under the king Atious II, his municipal region Cylarza, and which were the town of Ceth in north, Ozylarza in the southern west faced to the conformed pagan Aroth, and Verathz that was in their north side, shared the trade with Greece, among them. However, the voyages of the land required the serendipitous effort as the dense haze surrounded the whole land. The Romans were whispered, 'There said to be the heavenly monastery by the Lord beyond His obscurity,' and the eminent Merovingian king, Clovis had once spoken about the mysterious treasure in Our Sea, for his sparkling faith, the power of belief, his unbeatable ambitions for the conquest, had been humbled to be only the incessant imagination, and the naughty allure of his romance within the out side of the

land, as the passer-by on his vessel, kissing towards the shy face to be shown, someday.

The abbey was on the adjacent hill to the mount where the Palace was situated. The stars viewed the torches of the castle guards, and the monks were under the oil lamps in their dormitories to enjoy their recreations during the limited time to have casual talks as the good exercise for their minds, before the Night Office. The monk Liron was with Job in Gilad's room. As soon as the theme of their rhetoric was decided as 'Holy Trinity', Gilad took lead as the reviewer by questioning to the two of his brethren, 'What is the praying of the Holy Spirit?'

'The Father prays with the wisdom of the Son, and it is by the Grace.'

'What is the Grace to pray?'

'The spirit of the Creator, his words and mind to create.' As the rule of the game, their responses were not by the repetition of the same words to express the subject, and this time was finished by the enquiry, why the Creation. The two monks left to attend the Night Mass, but their answer reverberated within the inquisitor, 'To think about it.'

The ones under the vow with the Father, stood on the earth to establish the soul, and they received the hours of their lives to pray, the hour of darkness, if it had not been for the silver sparkles over the sky, it would be again commemorated, as the apostles' days of their attestations beyond the time of earth, He came for us, the abbot alone took the chant, Holy, Holy, Holy.⁴

(2) The Spring Festival

After the fortress, the spattered opening of the plain scenery was the impact for even Atious II, who was enough accustomed to visit the monastery by his coach. The vehicle halted, he swiftly got down from it, and his golden blue brocade reflected in the morning. He found the abbot on the wood seat in the nave, ‘Tell me how to pray for my righteousness.’

‘With soul by your comprehension, and that is the song for the Spirit, the song is made by your mind, Your Majesty.’

The abbot followed the king, with his humble crosier, its rugged surface that was made of the fig wood grown with the ivy, and he pleasantly viewed the Easter market sold by their monks, from the running coach, rhythmically sounded the steps of the steeds.

Their commerce was mainly consisted of the vegetables and the fruits, additionally the milk and the oil beside the pickled olives. The jaws of honey were taken from the bees nourished by thyme, and these were on the people’s table for pasting onto the bread, either leavened or unleavened without the process by yeast. Although the monks didn’t eat any meat, these were exchanged on the other corner of the precinct, as the important sustenance for the soldiers who were required to control their builds. Their dexterities for their diets were in variant for their moves, the weighty physiques were established by the both, the two types of bread, to solve the difficulty of the maintenance for the energy in their

rapid actions, such as within the narrow spaces, and equally for their mental ability, which the betrothals were frequently made between the fighters of Cylarza and the beloved sibyls for their inherited blood. The prophets in both genders were, in fact in high positions of their hierarchy, nearly next to the king, or the duke in each region, as well as the abbot and the monks were exceptionally respected, especially among the Cylarza and the Ozylarza that were fully with the Christian belief, but the people under the vow of the sacred Throne never belonged to the ranks of the human authorities.

As their liturgy for Lent, the monks fasted with the modest amount of the eucharist's meal to eke out their lives. The promise behind hadn't been mentioned even on the Bible, but it was imaginable about the way to wait for Jacob's ladder, which went down through the stream of light from heaven, coming after the days Christ in Wilderness, if God's invited the ones to the Throne, and if Christ accepted the ones to go up together towards the Above on Ascension Day, it may have been said of no need to avoid, indeed the loss of energy never allowed the ones to preempt the death by the weakened mental power, but the heavenly statement ordered the fulfillment of duty on the earth. Matthew had testified the escapism of all the apostles¹, yet so that we could know 'all the apostles had escaped' by also escaped Matthew.

When their coach finished to take round the route within the feigned distance quite spent from the central area of the city, but exactly in the vicinity of the monastery, the people were in the long queue, and their sleek silk attires were rather not to fit the small chalets structure for hospital, admittedly their purpose was the one of the arranged farm shelters, for the second job of Dr.Eupolous, who mainly conducted the surger-

ies for the serious patients referred from the infirmary. However, the day for the Doctor altered the white tunic to the no sleeve black linen, bending his knees for the potter's wheel to draw the outline onto the amphora, the brandishing charcoal was of his experience of every moment, if there was, being called, perfect chance to form, by the time of the clay that became dry. The completed vases were put on the floor, and the customers determined each price to bring their favorite one back to their home, then the coins and the notes left after them, but the Doctor's concentration ignored all, except the storm that was exalted on the wheel.

While the straight way for the carriage, and the cacophonous vivacity was diminished, the king spoke to the abbot, 'Good to see our people to the other entrance of hospital to buy his art, as it promises the more health than the ill. When I invited him to the Palace and told him to entertain me with your story of your art, he said, "I will tell you about the fortune of the creations that are destined to their completions. It was just before I began my drawing, I heard coincidentally the bells to tell the time twice that was the even number, and consequently, my drawing was finished at the position in almost the same where I had started, and when it was started with the odd number from the bell fry, it was ended in the polar position from where it had begun.'" The abbot nodded with his agreed smile, 'We haven't yet known about the soul of creation on the physical earth. And if it is determined with the mystery of numbers by the creator himself, I am rather in more feeling about the spirit of creativity bestowed on him. God also keeps the secret of numbers, whether these also exist as the different constitution in heaven or not.'

Their steeds increased the speed towards the northern east, Verathz, for the invitation by the duke Ian who ruled the place, and as soon as they were about to be along with the seaside, the ties were pulled to plod the area, since it was the mistiest shore of the land, whereas the urban district was the enjoyment of the visitors' eyes, their hybrid belief with the Greco paganism inherited from the ancient culture of Athens, many statues in the figures of Dionysius or Aphrodite represented the eras of the legendary mystique, and contemplating their descendants, particularly the children who filled the play grounds with their parents, being read out the Bible for some of them, and the others were playing the balls, moreover such a little symposium educated the twins with their name tags in the cross engraved, and the grape vines as the frames, for their distinctions. In terms of their growth, the expectations were posed on the similar faces, who discussed about the Omnipotence by the specified method of the Bible interpretation, proficiently, as if by the flying wings of Hermes, flitting onto the enigmas of the epistles, next to next wherever there was the aroma for the truth. And they were the significant sustenance for the region, to overcome the curtain of obscurity that stubbornly disallowed to beyond the sea, as the soldiers for the wars, or as the actors in peace who were without their masks to be the choristers on the stage.

The cobbled street smoothly navigated the king's arrival to the Verathz Amphitheater where the people gathered to celebrate the Easter Spring Festival, the instruments, and the entrance performers danced for the guests to be the audience of the open-air, such imps and fairy like, then the fireworks rocketed off, they rendered the established linear arrangements for the king, and his accompaniments who were the abbot,

Gairas the master of the prophets, and the commander Daniel in cumbersome armor that was also for the anniversary with his admiration displayed to the host. The stage occupied almost the half capacity of the whole width of the Palace, including the moat, which meant the well-built actors took their exciting employments over the soil, with the actions, the songs, and the words that were distributed among the twins to perform by their heart.

When Atious II observed the context where the columns stood for the spectator's places, which made the special segregation as the kings' box seat, he saw the duke of Aroth Tecarion, and his attendants, Reb the commander, and Seda the dame. As Tecarion and the followers proved their endearment to the king, he also saluted his hand casually in the sky, for this, the friendly expressions between the king and the duke were as if the visible relationship but the structure of authority, their immediate ages that were the earlier of their twenties influenced for the affection.

The city of Aroth was under the gentle, delicate ruler Tecarion in his shoulder length wavy hair, and the blue feather stole wrapped up his intricate half upper part, which depicted his temperate personality, yet with the whirling strength for the battle, as Atious II had once joked to the duke, 'Has Hermes ever incarnated?' For his compliment to the pagan leader whose adequate ontology for the gods and God was the king's confidence on his notion of conformity between Christianity and Paganism, as the religious liberalism conceding with the Constantine legacy, and interestingly, the pagans of the land made mutual contrast, as Verathz with their scholarly divine analysis, yet Aroth focused on Hermes as the usher, and Dionysius for the bunch of grape, in other words, the

blood of Christ was their sacred libation taken under the Epicurean self-constrain.

Just before the opening of the play, the host of Verathz made felicitous address to the king, with his family, the duchess Adera, and their twin children in each gender, Ben, Aesim and Irith, Kachy. 'For this beginning season of a year, the days of brilliance, by the Dionysian inspiration from the civilized life, it can entertain you, His Majesty, and hopefully induces the comical rapture from Jesus's Throne.'

There were the explosive whistles and the applauses, the disguised actors as the rebels roaring to appear from each side of the stage with the slings in their hands. And one of them ran towards the soldier, who was lying down on the ground to take his nap.

'Amen, the man, how do you abandon this historical moment? Are you fasting for Lent, thus you can't battle by only the wafer?'

'No, No, No my fellow, I actually killed the one so I possessed.'

'See, see I see the soul of the dead to curse you, you are in the garment of his death, and I should ward-off, which I shall send his loathing to whom he loved to be in her bed.' The rebel took out hyssop from his sack, and began purging, so that the haunted soldier was rustled his armpit, and rolling around the ground with his cackles, but suddenly, the man who was fully painted in pale blue turned up from him, and made hug and kiss, cherishing whom it had afflicted. 'That is the betrayal!' The plant was altered to the long sword and thrown to the sky, nevertheless it was not fallen onto the lazy soldier, but onto Poseidon whose gigantic body had been observing them from the other side of the stage. The phantom justly caught the sword, and retaliated to the center of the rebels,

then, the scene was progressed to the second that the chairs and the desks were set, seemingly the meeting room for their conspiracy, with the previously suspected soldier for his treachery, who was fettered to be questioned, 'The poor thief comes your home tonight, as God destined, is it such?' The captive couldn't speak with his sealed mouth, and indicated it by his eyes. 'I read like this, "to be on time."' "

'And bestowed? And God forgives?'

'And if the one divests the worn-out sackcloth, the dress for the poor'

'You are now, ordering me to show myself sluicing down my cowl! So, I will gain the golden red mantle.'

'Bitter are you the dog! Do you remember that the one wore the same as the last year, and his disciples stood with the charitable alms bowls? You shall, shall not we? If you are willingly obstinate for the one's garments.'

Again, the groups of the rebels rushed into the center, but they spasmodically diverged into either direction and began running round and round over the space. 'Tut, Tut!'

'Going, going, going!' The howling from the audience supported the dynamism, and the exhausted recusants arrived at the place for the tete- a - tete, and inquire, 'No shame for our disturbance, but may I ask, what he wore last year? And ..., and, where should we go for what?' Albeit the comrades began to sing the doctrine of their antagonism, they were in short of their breath for the previous action, eventually, they stopped their song, and battled each other to shoot their slings themselves until they had nothing. All the actors made the neat lines for their gratitude to the audience, and elegant bow.

When the theatre was abounded with the final excitement, the messenger quietly informed of Ian, though the duke's face was losing his hue, soon he made his usual decency to settle Adera, who cared the nervous reaction of her husband, by giving Irith the small paper ball, then he left. Kachy was little annoyed because the toy was only the one, but as she saw it thrown to the stage punched against the ground to be the sumptuous festoon blooms, and the actor coming towards their seat for letting his kiss fly to them, Kachy shyly snuggled to Adera's bust, and the others were exuberant for the definite adoration dedicated only to their family.

The Ian's vehicle got into the specified district of Verathz, and it was pulled up before the crowd over the entrance door of the house, where there was the one middle-aged guy in plain shirt and the sackcloth cincture, albeit the inside was well ordered of their lives, no trace of luxury. He was shaking to cry by the side of his wife, fallen her body to enclasp her triplet, presumably it had been her attempt to protect them, and the blood that covered the wooden floor, exerted the rusty peculiarity, finally the inquest and the coroner tied him to take, thus Ian was only glimpsed the blanket over the head of the offender.

(3) The Visitor

The tensed atmosphere of the monastery was emphasized by the cowls, who were in fact, the soldiers in disguise from the Palace, having come there via the route under Dr.Eupolous's residence. The precaution was because of the uncommon guest to the abbey, who would stay for a few days, whose name was Emga, the leader of the Sarabites¹ that were rumored for the wayward creed imposed on themselves, as well as they were never afraid to make the enemies by the independent style of life, following nobody except Emga's rule for absolute Jesus of theirs, and in order to subjugate to their law, they had ever defeated the ones who had got into their nose, no matter the opponents were, more than twice or fourth than their side.

The guards were, of course restricted their move in the unaccustomed hems and the hoods, so that there was no mistake for them to have gone forward through the dim passage, with the stumbling interference by the stamnos or the kraters made by the Doctor, which were going to be exported for the difficult trade to be facilitated. The path was exactly not only for the security of the sacred place, but also for the commerce, such as, if his design of amphora was the complaisance with, only to whom dedicated, it was carried via this way directly to the king at first, and exempted from the notary's record that involved any resource having been consumed for it, and ultimately, the existence of this art was deleted from the capital, which meant that the land Cylarza was not required to impose

any excess trade tax on the leader of the partner, who would obtain the masterpiece. The notary under the supervision of the prophets had murmured as St. Peter, 'I love what I haven't seen, it is only with our admiration on it.'²

The porter Ikae had been clenching fist to tap his own head as the indication of the sign for the Sarabites since the communication of Gilad with the female prophet Dhava, who had presaged his coming, so that the porter could inform of all the ones even during the hours to keep silence, according to the rule of the monastery. Although Ikae was normally in the settled manner of his elderly, he was unable to hide his anxiety for the occasion.

'Shall you pray for the peace to this house?'³ When the porter answered for the persistent knocking on the door, which was as though it had already been ascertained the difficulty to be welcomed, the monks exchanged their faces in the evening.

Rather challenging for the bet how to live for their Jesus, 'No for no, thus yes I may, it opposes the apostle's evasion.' Ikae interrogated for his way of speak to be clear, as it connoted that the one had the reason to be prepared in advance, for 'I' the guest, who was the Sarabite. 'The cock crows ...'⁴

'Yes, it crowed, DuDuDu Ruuuuuu!'

'Wait for minutes.' After for a while, the Lordship, the abbot appeared with the scapular only, but in formality that he had re-attired to deal with Emga, and he eventually unlatched for the guest, who was without doffing of his cowl, 'Woohoo! The Lordship as their father, if your son asks for an egg, would you like to give him a serpent?'⁵

‘For you, an probable oval to be the nestling chick, and for you the son of the Nazarene Movement, of the Sarabites, I puzzle you as I know what David does, the Sabbath was made for men and not men for the Sabbath,⁶ if I break the fasting for Mark, nevertheless you oppose him? Believe in more the men, is there any gratitude on Barabbas, why was he released by the men who had been saved by Christ, but Jesus not? Your Father Jesus might believe such of men, have you ever?’ The cowl lowered his position, and kissed the abbot’s hand as the reception of his blessing, ‘Peace to this house.’⁷

‘Voice with the gravity to ascend.’⁸

(4) The Assembly

As this was the public assembly, the monks and the citizens were freely behind the golden rails. The pediment on the porch edifice above, the king Atious II, who was on the three steps raised senate seat, presiding over between Gairas, and the golden mitered archbishop whose identity was officially arcane, though the previous king Atious I had ordained the bishopric authority for the land, the people were not certain who he was, and the patriarch had the power to mediate the heavenly orders with the secular governance, by his faith of wisdom, correspondingly, as the ecclesiastical way of life, strong celibacy, chastity and self-constrain were on the archbishop, any killing and participation of the battle were prohibited.

On the second position, Dhava surrounded by Baros and Jeth, finally Daniel stood just below the top-assembly, and the prophets in each region took their benches through the hall.

After the opening custom to swear, Ori's irony as the prophet of Verathz, echoed throughout the hall for his duty to set off the first statement, because of the trigger of this meeting that was the murder on the day of the theatre festival, 'The latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down, and unloose.¹' And another of the twin, Yun the prophet of the same region, defended his brother to beg the king's mercy, instead of him, with the benevolent acceptance of his excuse that they had already sent

the papers to their local council to inform of the people about the Dionysian premonitory for the impending plague, thus the farmers were to take notice for their gains and distributions. 'As Your Majesty's comprehension is in depth as heaven's lake, our land Verathz is in proud for the fortress of nature with the haziest density, yet we can't be independent for that.' Atious II shrugged his shoulders, 'We speak the same, whose words are as God used for the Creation. I never blame for the prophets as Ori and our Baros are thought to be very sensitive for the matter.'

'Censored prophets are in lament, but rather than our king's manifest to be the more difficult centerpiece. Should we appreciate to be bestowed for it.' For the whimsical response of Baros, laughings and 'Hearsay, Hearsay', were intermingled from the other prophets and the spectators.

'Our lord, Tecarion claims the doctrine of Epicurus to encourage nature.'

'Our "encouragement" well works with the mist, our harmony is felt to have already been beyond the encouragement.'

During the argument between Echea and Ori, just when the Aroth explained that they were able to find the best way in their conformity, despite such inherited hedonism, elevated 'hearsay' as 'tut, tut', couldn't be diminished, but Echea continued, 'We know that it might be the most of our relentless point to be indicated, hence is it possible to pronounce the harmony between nature and the people? We humiliate to "pray" for you, was it possible for you to persuade the people living with nature?' At the end of his words, the ones who eagerly stood were Foz and Zoa of Ozylarza.

‘Our trained bodies well consume nature, as well as the Aroth can’t speak so elegantly in starving. The ominous prognostication of the plague made the mad who killed his children.’

‘The grubs are significant, but these are easier to make words, too early to impose on it, and the land is not the first time to be apprehensive of such apocalyptic insinuation. Your Majesty, pardon me to allow us to spend your patience a little for a while. Our duke Rydas is making more focus on the envisioned ship. Think of it, while we are to be afflicted with the lack of every resource, the bodies with the food on it, would vanish into haze’

‘Go advance for your words.’

Zoa quickly bowed for the king’s permission. ‘Regarding our notary issued, we made decision to rely on, and compensate the ships from Carthage, for eighty-five percent of our trade with them during the famine. Because of us, the prophets know that the trouble occurs in the case of the embarkations from our land Cylarza. We concentrate on the work to predict the day of once in a month, when the mist of our seashore becomes clear. The precaution is going to be taken for our lord Rydas, having learnt the ability of human being in his piety and loyalty to God. We would like to do the righteousness of God that mostly hopes happiness of his sheep.’

‘Thanks be to Ozylarza, the duke Rydas, who is the descendant from the fellow, Vandals who have once made their oath to Justinian of Byzantine during the second pax romana, the Emperor of Wisdom. I will later prize on him, but who predicted about the ship? I shall know this.’ Nobody could have the response, but Yun managed to be loyal what his sov-

ereign wanted to be certain. 'The duke of Aroth, Tecarion slept the dream, the mist like human figure covered the ship from our land, and the vessel was sunk into the deep gray. This is the recent rumor among our prophets.'

'Did somebody espy Tecarion's nightmare?' The king was never settled.

As soon as Locu who was especially the bosom of Gairas, confessed as the temporal aid to be the threshold of the resolution that he had firstly manifested the plague, Gairas's areole impact as the proof of the existence of the authority without intimidation, but there was the extent of sincere admiration, which could be evoked in his red chimere, was cordially from the senate seat to all over the attendances. 'My good disciple, there should be no words any more than you spoke. After I envisioned the earthquake that would eventually happen in this land, I confessed it to Locu, and my son of disciple predicted the famine. That is the golden chain tied with the filial affection among our prophets. The information about the ship was exchanged merely in the previous duke council, and also I have never ever pronounced the catastrophe except during the duke council and to Locu, until now as I reveal. That is the same whoever leaked or espied, I have done the same.' The proclamation of the disaster caused the disturbance among the spectators that wouldn't have been placated without the archbishop. 'There are variant ways to read the Bible. Some people live with the Bible without argument, as the pure children have more opportunities to attend for God. They are very careful not to do something bad, not to cause the wrath of God. These are very simple, as Moses firstly taught human who hadn't spent their time so long yet, such as, when they are very hungry, they shouldn't take other

people's food. However, I am feeling, my parable is not exactly appropriate for this council, as there is the elected aspect of them to be motivated with their ears that are equal to the ability to know the Bible. Gairas's statement is the belief in such people, and Your Majesty is with his caution for the attained freedom, for the accomplished liberty, with respect to the detailed consideration how it works. The right to be known, the right to be unknown, these are decided by God, whether it has been changed in our era, and whether the ones yearn for the honeycomb that had enlightened Jonathan alone, who had not been informed not to take it.² I will say, instead of His Majesty, and as Gairas did, the king warned for the leak about the ship, under his vigilance for the recent menacing phenomenon of our night dreams to be manipulated. We never know by whom and the method, yet it shall be taken seriously as it means the interference with God's visionary, which human has kept warm as the way to receive the message from our Father since the Creation.'

'My youth is the power to establish to be better with the proud legacies from our ancestors, but my youth of temper sometimes made the words too quickly. I beseech you, my people, especially the prophets, treat your words of envisions significantly with your uttermost righteousness, and your suspicions as well. I sincerely appreciate for the submission from Ozylarza, and I am proud of it as one of my regions.'

Zoa's salute on his chest was for the gracious king, and Gairas heightened up his pastoral staff, every attendance stood up, except Atious II who stretched his hand in the air for the all attendance to bend their knees, for the honorary adjournment.

‘We should not leave now for the rest of the days, without being told who can do this. Who intervenes the grace of God!’ The abrupt rage was blasted by Uga of Ceth, and approved by the twin of Verathz. ‘Indeed, I saw in my slept, the triplet was bestowed to our city. Their mother jubilantly showed them to her husband, and his body covered the infants, presumably to cherish his saplings.’

‘I saw the same as him. And after that there was the void about the infants in our visions.’

Uga took rapid steps to the center of the hall, without his attention to the agreement. ‘The people in our city of Ceth represent the sacred garment of hard labor, and believe the colors of our ephods. Everyone is honest for their earnings, as it is said that the ledger of Ceth is like the quincunx neatly dealt orchard of the fresh green. We live, by following the order of our duke Fruga, who helps our workers with the sweating dewes in his shaved head, the difference is only that he has the precious stones on his plates, according to our Lord’s ordinance, and these shine as if the sparkling celestial stones to usher us towards everyone’s happiness. We learn diligently as well, knowing is important for us to develop, under the belief in our Jesus Christ and the pagan scholars’ discoveries. I learnt from Dr. Eupolous, his anatomy, the pious benevolent laparotomy bequeathed from the deceased, who had already lived in the eternal place rather than the persistence of the physical remnant. Our organs exactly spoke as the calculation of Pythagoras, and form as Euclid. The brain taught about all the people with the function of odor in their noses. However, we understand the mystery as well. This prohibited perfume among us, is smelled by only the people committed the specified sin, but the people without the sin don’t smell. I will find out right now, for His

Majesty! Who are such the ones who disturb the power of light? Who are such, who are able to destroy both soul and body³?’

‘Calm your mind Uga! That would go wrong! Settle back your place. What is your theory about the magic of the ancient court perfume? How do you relate to the disturbance of our night dreams? You should think more with your savvy. Such thing is not the pleasure of our Atious II, as well as your duke Fruga!’ Yet, the mother of the prophets Dhava’s persuasion was too late. ‘How do we distinguish among the crow, the raven and the carrion?’ Uga spread the perfume over the assembly hall, like fallen stars. The people were scattered around in their panic, but there were no attempts to escape towards the hinges of the exit, then the separation was made between the ones who were curiously, but cowardly closed to look and try it, whereas the others in utter avoidance to be far away. However, it was thought to be more, as if nearly the corruption of the building, which explosively blew up, the blazed confusions against the trembling floor, presumably only within the inside, moreover there were no minds available to confirm whose sin for what? And the source of this phenomenon hadn’t yet been in their awareness, until the skull of Doga cracked into sludgy matter, soon after he had rendered the petrifying expression for a moment from his febrile red skin. Overwhelming shrills, again the devastating jumbling, the senate members, including Atious II, were in the middle of the forts by the soldiers, and Daniel had no trouble with enough prepared mind out side of them, until the ground was gradually calmed down, so did the archbishop, who saw the lay brother Hegi running to the slanted cruciform downward that became the defective indicator, the archbishop stamped his crosier onto the floor, then complete repose, ‘Every sorrow begins.’⁴

In the evening of the day, the shadow of the moon was assisted by the refulgent candelabras, after the duke coaches arrived, the senate members for this private council including, Fruga, Ian, Rydas and Tecarion. Not the conspicuous hours because of the death of Doga, yet the dukes' gathering was always in the reserved solemnity against their discussions for the severity. It was kept in their meetings, under Atious II's ideal that whatever the prophesy was, the actual problems confronted at the time were functionally resolved by the independent specification with the uttermost precaution such as, if the certain sorts of crops were reduced for the beginning of the plague, they would firstly fulfill the lack. Equally, there was the concession that the king was direct witness for the public assembly, and exchanged the words without their constraints from the ones' dukes, in the occasion that the spectators' reactions went parallel to recognize what the real difficulties were, and to pursue the best solution in the vantage point out of the Palace.

However, the air of this room was as if there was no trouble existed henceforth, whether it was the instant pretense..., the necessity of the authorities.

The transcribed verbal report was made by Dhava with the articulate literalness, on the condition that there were no details who had commented these except necessary cases.

Tecarion of Aroth was resiliently reclining to the edge of a divan, his suppression was, perhaps, only the buckle of the bunch to be poured into the cup slanted a little, 'Our protector, Hermes takes the one to the journey, Hades and the land, place to place, as if it is happened during the

travelers' sleep. For us, the dream is the shadow of our own lives, the remnant of the daily impacts, I am the one who admires His Majesty who declares, "It is not the hedonism. Human shall not lose their desires for pleasure and happiness, as well as avoidance of pain. These are also done by the conformity with nature." Therefore, I have never omitted to report my dream.'

'I shall make the things for Doga as long as I can, for my piety, I impugned your prophets, but for my precaution, I never take my mistake as my poignant habit in my regency.' Mortal sorrows, Atious II's unswerving admittance, yet it was rather more intensive by the following exchange between him and the archbishop, 'I have made one more sin, but I shall be good. I shall give my life for the sheep whenever it is required.'⁵

'You only made the necessary caution, instead of me.'

'On to Caesar which is for Caesar, and onto God which is for God.'⁶ It was not for you, the field of God should be settled by His servants on earth.' The archbishop spoke his words by words from the Father's words, the imperfections could be fulfilled if the ears were for the Above, he may have had the way for soul, the duke of Aroth thought, and he was fascinated to be in search for even within the ineffable phantasmagoria with the one. 'The dream is so sacred for Christian God, but do you accuse of me if I say, the dream that is impossible to keep the purity... why your God bestows it onto us, as His sanctity? Do we have such sin that causes trouble even when we sleep, only to sleep, can't we do in mind of heaven?'

‘Hermes is said to influence human brain as his gift to navigate them. The dream is the gift from nature of light by the Creator. We shall also understand it as the gift.’ The different aspect between the servants of God and the prophets were, in the reduced sense, among the attitudes towards their wills, of course, Gairas was the master, and he had never ever lost his initiative since the period when he had been the tutor of the seminary. ‘Dream is the world of light. It exists within the essence of the light, thus the prophets are the dreamer, who continue to see the world of the extended light phenomena. Other dreams are only the puerile tricks of work between the light and the brain, but the dreams that are consisted of the specified spectrums reflect the reality of the future, and in this view, the prophets are well-known for which ones should be absorbed. We call it vision, the selected light by our mental power. Then let the old dreamer speak without your saying, these breaths of words shouldn’t draw the clouds in the air, which are to exist, as the chariot is moving while you are speaking.’ Helios's galloping carriage, resounded to induce humorous comfort for the attendances, jocularly lukewarm hearts from them, but nobody burnt.

‘Doga is my disciple, whenever I said such, he laughed as you.’

‘For Doga’ As the king held up the tankard that had milk and honey in it, his sleeve of the white silk shyly glanced for a moment, and Tecarion proceeded to make further acknowledgement. ‘For my prophet in his beautiful mind, can the prophets predict after death? Isn’t it like the death of dream where there are no light and no darkness, the world of zero of Hades?’

‘Knowing by us as the learnt heaven from the Bible only.’ It was the chorister like, the protected vocal organ of the female, but Dhava inten-

tionally abnegated the buffer of social décor as the recognized, and on the other hand, the one who was on the paternal duty to protect, cut the air by his contrasting baritone. ‘Mercy, mercy, for the children killed by the maddened father. Give them also the mercy of our cups. What about the miserable souls that are not bestowed the opportunities to be saved from the destruction? Mercy is within Erelim’s role, but when shall the angel come by the chariot borrowed from Ophanim? Imposed endless dying on their small bodies, but if the living is 10 to 0 in one dimension, the dying is the ascension towards 10 in different dimension? However, we, the people of Verathz prefer the birth of Christ, the birth of the celebrating beginning, by our proud fertility of excellence. Our enormous sacrifices in the period of Atious I, the vast majority of the twin soldiers became zero for our land of Cylarza.’ Sarcastic eloquence with the blades on the edge of his utterance, exceptionally during the duke council, Ian strove his emotion to be the powerful formula without ambiguity, against the weak implication of Atious II for the promised supports from every region. ‘Your Majesty, I beg you, not to give me too magnificent words as I don’t think of all the people as our archbishop, and we are likely to be rebuked, the shallow root of belief would soon wither away.’⁷

‘Our mortal bodies live in shallow ground but knowing heaven.’ The defense of the archbishop, and the gods’ creed was added by Tecarion, as well as the king reinforced it. ‘Lamentable history of the pagans is about to be told again by us. Our vision is clear hence we go, we go the ancestor’s place. We assist you, according to our common moral.’

‘The prophets of Cylarza, being known the accuracy of their prognosis, can help the safety of the vessel.’

‘Our prophets seminary in the past used to do the game of Noah. The seminarians engraved the cross onto the tail of the quarter sal. This side signifies the reminder of Judas Iscariot’s sin, and the consumption in gratitude and in repentance by the sackcloth-bag behind the cross, which means that we made the second cross by the small chisel on the ornamental polysemy. The quarters are well circulated, thus it sometimes came back to the one of my disciplines, and they used to say, “it is all right today to go out of the wall, as Noah’s dove came back to him.” And there was, indeed, the time when we needed not to do such a bet. We are certain. We can freely alter the direction of our ladders, and going up and down, moreover we require the long ladders. Yes, Christianity is felt as the Greco pagan origin, freely going up and down as well, but our religious liberty shall not talk the theme to be higher than the Above. The safety of the vessel can be certainly predicted.’ Even Gairas’s persuasion with the coin taken out from the pocket of his chimere, Ian was still hanging in the air. ‘I shall indicate the sincere appreciation for calming the mind to care for my Verathz for tonight, as the infanticide has happened within my region, the one should be with the citizen in this occasion, I shall like to excuse my presence.’ Unkemptly parted hair, nervous though, his rigged sharpness was also of his behavior, prompt raising, hasty salute, the door was shut after his mantle.

Rydas and Fruga proposed the same, and on their leaving, the Ozy-larza suggested the share of the vehicle to the Ceth, thus one coach followed in empty. Passing under the gate, Rydas opened his mouth, ‘Is the ship building of Ceth without beams⁸? Great confidence for your creations that have never ever been sunk’. He may have aimed the comical commerce to be reasonable deal, for his trade with Carthage within the

limited opportunities, which required to be flawless, in his trained muscular body, his bald head, the metallic structure of the golden coat of mail and the grieves. However, in fact, Rydas wanted to know why Fruga hadn't had his words during the council, in spite of the death of one of the prophets, and Rydas realized that Ceth was planning to embark their new ship to Rome.

In the latter time of the night, Seda visited Tecarion as the pallbearer for the coffin containing Doga, she was silent in her brimmed eyes, nobody in present hadn't yet seen such sad face as the expression by whom without her language. The duke saluted his farewell, and the two coaches went under the darkness of the stars sprinkled above the road.

On the other, as soon as Ian entered the city of Verathz, he found the strong gleam and the people, who were around the terraced residence, once more as before, the quadrupeds were pulled to creak.

(5) The Lamenting Land I

Hegi became the head of the kitchener of the monastery. The kitchener for the monks' meal habits, and the chamberlain for their clothes and beddings were usually worked in their weekly shifts. However, as he was appointed as the head of it, it meant that he kept the all keys for the storage houses, such as the granary and the mill, as the assistance of the cellarer Yonatan who checked the amount of the stocks and purchased these once in three days. As the holy custom of the kitchener, Hegi came to the oratory and prayed in Deus¹ to ask God for their consumption on the day, everything would go well.

Hegi had visited the monastery, when he had been still in the swaddled age with his parents, who had written the statement of the bow on behalf of their child, giving the morsel of oblation wrapped in the husky straw fabric. It had been the time just after the abbot had been ordained from his dean title. The abbot could remember the maple like tenacious palm on the Bible to swear the oath, for his pure faith assisted by the Spirit, and the love for his brethren, to be the incorruptible soul, forever to follow our Lord.²

Hegi had never taken the standard process to be the monk, because it was unnecessary for him thus, he was called the lay brother from everyone, presumably whatever he became of it, all the ones felt that this was most appropriate for him, and he didn't have the desire to be something

else, always in his black tunic a little shorter than the others, and the sandal, whether he was conscious about the existence of his cowl during the days, after he worn it in the morning. When the abbot had attempted for Hegi to experience the training for the juniorate to memorize the divine rules, he had not been able to do so, and the abbot had found that he couldn't have read at all. However, he was very quick to master the hymns, what he had been once heard however long the psalm, it was taken for three days to one week by his ears as the gift from God. After the accident during the previous public council, since Hegi had run towards cruciform, the abbot thought that he would see God with such pristine heart, and for the plague, it would cause the difficulty of preserving the food, which changed the people for the deprivation, but Hegi was the man who absolutely kept doing what he had been told to do, every order that was made on him under the abbot was equal to it from heaven, additionally, he was very straight to mention what he couldn't do, hence if there was the risk in the storage, he knew of the significance to rely on the help, rather than losing his life confronted in his lanky body. Hegi was given the cell near the mill house within the observable proximity from Yonatan's dormitory, in the case that Hegi made the sun or the moon signaling to his windows, Yonatan could react as soon as possible.

The days were elapsed, it was the fervently keen sound, but not to frighten the creatures on the earth. Blood was the tint of fire, the iron smell of fire, and gradually diminished to the own heat to ascend, someday, the end was told by heaven to crack the sky, when was the piercing echo? It was so slow, the time was begun as if thousands of flies were always hovering around the sun and shading the light, finally they were burnt to fall down onto the earth, then the people were exposed to the eternal process of destruction. The scorching days continued, but it was not yet for June to start. The tillage was changed from green to the exhausted tawny, the fishpond lost the water for the inhabitants.

Tal with his alms bawls sobbed a little, when he heard Zakai spoke to Samuel, 'I am losing the voice as well, the fish jumped in suffering onto the draught, when shall I sing again?' There was no shady place, if the bower of the cloister had been touched, it would have dispersed over the ground as the brown pieces.

The monks had preserved the squashes sliced to the chips for the days to come, dipping these carefully into the honey that they increased the amount by water, not to be too much for everyone. However, Tal didn't eat. He continued to stand on the street, and he was looking at the ox drivers that were recently ubiquitous for the patients, who were carried to the infirmary or hospital, because they never shook the ones on the straws within the dull stride. When the symptom of the famine was felt for all, the cattle suddenly lost the conscious to expose the grey spotted tongues, and the people were distressed for their diarrhea, moreover the strange disease of their eyes, which began by annoying irritation to gradually diminishing the moisture, to be known by Dr.Eupolous's diagnose, as the land was covered with the dust and the lack of the sun

power to cleanse, and for their nutrition, the only healthy sun could cure all, but if not, the method was to wash the eyes, the Doctor was yearning for giving them enough sustenance. The patients' conditions were fatal, thus, only the ones who would be soon invited to the Father, with the tiny hope, were referred to hospital if the space permitted. All the mattresses, blankets, pillows were given to them, and these were not only from the monks, but also from the merchants, the castles, the billets for the soldiers, as the ones who relied on the Doctor were all over the land, the medicines and the beddings were also from all the regions. The palliasses were arranged by Uziel the chamberlain of the monastery, in order to be brought to the places. 'The hays for the asses, the touches are very similar.' The wistful complaint for his loving creatures that had already experienced the myriad of deaths, the oxen eked out their breaths, and the monks slept leaning to the walls.

It was the clear morning, and there had been small rain a night before, when Tecarion had gathered the people in Aroth to be mutually encouraged, and their austere appreciation for the little water given by nature. However, in Cylarza, Samuel gazed at nothing in next to Tal who was unmoved, before the First Hour. Tal was keeping the alms bowl on his thigh, but in his cold body. Samuel picked a few seeds from the bowl, and took them near the window to examine what sort of plant these would be.

When the abbot was informed about Tal, he affirmed the Doctor's renunciation, 'The deceased bodies are, now for one thing that is to take their rests in heaven.' As Tal might have also felt it on the street before his death, the abbot suggested the monks during the Prime office to consider the best for the dead whose final aspiration, consequently, their

reading time in the evening was spent for studying the plant, and the seeds that Tal had kept.

Correspondingly, on the other side of the city, Dr.Eupolous was incessantly turning the potter's wheel whenever only the seconds of time permitted him to do so, because Baros had ordered him to make the possible hope, 'The outside of this continent pleasantly accepts your art. They offer us the trade without payments by the coins and resources, but your vases are popular enough. There has already been nothing for us to exchange except yours, as well as for the impending days onto us.' In fact, the Doctor had ceased the study of anatomy since the beginning of the plague, but he meticulously drew the shapes of the beings for his amphoras, from the muscles to the sinews, as if the translucent stream of contortions, the warriors wore spirit de corps, and the nymphs had the archaic smiles soft as their lips, fascinatingly they were about to speak, and the steeds were running for the entablatures of the red figures, bending their knees steeply to sprint, albeit even the animals might have augured that the billows of the land was becoming thicker, it diminished the power of the sun to be worse.

(6) The Second Visitor

Regarding the acknowledgment about the visitor from Dhava, Gilad thought who could be the one during the situation of the land, and as soon as the archaic words derived from the king's portrait room in the coincidence with the guest, which the blessed gormandizer was painted as the picture, gaping to exhibit his white shining teeth, was confirmed, it was told straightforwardly to Ikae the porter, and he was astonished to be in his haste by moving his both hands into the mouth for the sign of eating as the coming of the Landloper.¹ Every monk worried about it as the food was in scarcity, but if they didn't give the meals to the Landlopers, it was felt that something would go wrong.

'Pease to this house, pease to this house.'² The deep groaning voice was throughout the monastery. According to the king's order to welcome the Landloper, Ikae hurriedly unlocked and answered, 'Thanks be to God.'³ The small height, but sturdy, the amicable face was from the door. 'Thanks be to Yepa as well, thanks be to Yepa, the summon of the Landloper to this monastery.' he cackled. The squash chips, the nibble of nuts, unleavened bread, and the orange in curacao, 'This is all we can do.' Hegi explained to Yepa, in his shaking voice. He fed himself all kinds on the table in each one bite, and settled back the rest of the plates and the bottles on it. He asked the lay brother to navigate him to the storage house. While they were on the way, the Landloper slapped his skin after a moment of scratch, and something was picked up, finally it was consumed into his

mouth. Hegi winced as he thought that it might have been a tick, yet Yepa gaped to laugh. Although the kitchener opened the door of the cellar, he got nothing what the monks normally needed, but the scum of the barrel, of wine, of vinegar, with the gripped spoon. They eventually called the Superior of the house for the guest, and the abbot chuckled to say, 'Indeed, human can't be lived only with bread.'

'Where is the alms bowl? With Your monks? Only a few times in my life, I rarely give it, but I gave the seeds of hope to your monk on the street.'

'He entered the Sovereign a month ago. We never know such weird wild seeds, how could we use? These were buried with Tal our monk, into the cemetery.'

'Funeral takes place by The Tears of The Thief.'

'No familiar words for me.'

'So do I. I also know it only as The Tears of The Thief, the seeds had been discovered in Jerusalem near Golgotha, and the Vandals had got it. When I was in Carthage by the ship from Ozylarza, I received these from the monastery as it was during Lent, instead of food, indeed, some of them sometimes give me meals, irrespective of their liturgy, as soon as they find that I am called Yepa the Landloper.'

'Bless is onto you, as well as me if you are fulfilled by our penury hospitality.'

'Bless is on me as well as you as I am fulfilled to assist you henceforth, and I plead you to usher me to the monk's burial.'

The moonlight shone the tranquility of the soil and the small stone crosses, less dust than the sun, and it was sensed to be less dry than the afternoon. Yepa stood on the graveside, and he was showered by the celestial light, he made the words that were absorbed from the Above as if his song had already been begun, 'Hear, Your words of our Father, when the Thief cried, his jewel stones flowed down from his holes, and turned to be the beginning of life, to tell about the Creation by Your hands.' Yepa's Troparion⁴ was not exactly from heaven, but as the echo from the deep ground, and the abbot made harmony by his chanting, as if coming from the far above the moon, then the miracle among their concordance occurred, as there was no force to be against their symmetry, the tiny shooting up from the soil, it was the reliable stalk like a cactus, climbed up nearly one inch, and the propagation stopped. Yepa ordered the cup to the monk nearby, and he removed the plant, the water spurted up as the brook, from the crater by the root, and he drunk it first, following to be next to next, all the ones healed their thirsts.

After the Landloper left the monastery with the words, 'He will come. He will come, and you may know what I meant', the water maintained almost for one week, and the rumor spread over the land as the people could forget the malady by the exceptionally tasty water. Dr. Eupolous preserved it into the phial as the water was seemed to be definitely within the limited amount, with the arrangement to be more efficacious, which was resulted in his invention, by mixing the essence of myrrh to reduce any pain and inflammation.

(7) The Lamenting Land II

There was no complaint of Edya the duchess of Ceth, about the insipid soup for their lunch, and the servants were serving for them to fill the hot water into the bowls, in the case that Fruga's stomach couldn't be satisfied. However, Edya was unable to calm her mind for one thing, and she entreated her husband to, at least postpone or stop the ship embarked to Rome, 'There is no uncertainty for your plan, even after the inquiry to the king. The nightmare of Tecarion has yet influenced nowhere, it would happen to us.'

'The inherited blood from the Lombards within you, the valorous conquest against the Ostrogoths, but even the Byzantine, thus you may know the bravery of men, but you have never yet known about the Ark of God made by Ceth. We will be able to gain the amount of food, and will distribute over the land. These days, our city is less workers, but more the diseased. This is my last bet to make the land survive. The viceroy from Ozy-larza arrives after the sunset. We can celebrate the brilliant completion for our Ark of Ceth.' Fruga slightly wiped the droplets of sweat on his forehead with the serviette, and cooled his body by his gulp for a glass, before he left.

The gate of Ceth was rattled to open, and the inside of the coach, there were the two passengers who were Nedious the viceroy with his daughter Natasha. She was nearly fifteen, the onyx like charming eyes hadn't lost the glowing intelligence and beauty, despite the suppressed life for the famine in her youth. She had been born, when Nedious had been the latter of his forties, but recently he was feeling himself not well, opposing his ideal for the earlier retirement and he could settle in..., he thought that he should have withdrawn with enough nutrition. 'The buildings of this city are like rulers to calibrate the streets and the lives, how neatly trimmed to see they are, yet if it was under the sun, these white wall constructions may reflect so excellent. They wear ephod?' Nedious didn't directly answer her question, instead 'You shall be favored by the duchess.' Natasha was impressively slim, even in her dress made of chiffon, and the pale blue was particularly reserved in tight attachment.

Comparing with the common night ceremony, the hall was rather limited, but the duke entertained the guests by inviting the jesters, and the duchess's attire was silk stola enchanted by the fibula that was the sapphire ornament, Natasha astonished such a beautiful mysterious gems. She had been once heard from her father that some of the people who had been the artisan guild of Ceth, had been the far relatives from Dr. Eupolous, additionally the draperies of the dresses had been the art of the textiles, and indeed, the duchess's garment had the sophisticated lavender flow like the artist's drawing on his amphora. Natasha continued to observe the well-disciplined duchess, after a few words were exchanged among them, in order to learn from Edya whose manner was typified as the incessant careful supervision from her seat over the banquet, not to have any failure existing for the ceremony of Ceth.

The cordial music had been played until Fruga signed to halt for the proud shipbuilders' entry, Pedom and his son Pere, who represented their work that connoted the Creation. The father of the apprentice had the well-established settled mien, in the official costume for the builders, which the skirted knee length breeches were velvety on the day, and their whole clothes had the colors of the ephod stones. The creators lowered their torsos to the duke who announced, 'My pleasure is hopefully the same as every of you, to introduce the creators of the Ark of Ceth.' After the sufficient gesture, Pedom, comically humiliated to keep the epithetic arrogance of the workers, but for his convivial duke, 'Scrupulously harmonious beams and masts, there is no disturbance on the Ark to take journey along with the water as the music that can be delightful for our ears.' Fruga was pleased to accept, by their accomplishment, by their fancy, to restart the ensemble that could effectively muffle the shift of Natasha's interest, except Edya's wit, and the duchess whispered to her husband for the time to enjoy dance and talk.

Pere quickly bent, and complimented Natasha on her small cross from her neck as it was the best fit to the women of Ozylarza, furthermore, he admired Rydas, his strong body in the modest ritualistic diligence, and Rydas was said to pray like the monks. In fact, the population of Ozylarza was dominantly the males, but Natasha had rarely communicated with them, and she was too shy for loquacious Pere, but no matter he made joke, 'I don't want you to be starved, and if you add the milk into this red wine, it may taste like fruit of your cheek.' Then, he quickly kissed her face, and they confirmed that nobody did see it, except the jester who walked towards them, after he finished his flute. 'Youth, you know? The monks in Cylarza don't make cheese with the rennet, but

they use vinegar, and the fig that is quickly grafted. It has the leaves for Adam and Eve, who covered their genitals to be fallen from Eden.’ Pere burst into laugh as well as the ones in the neighboring tables, but Natasha couldn’t understand their reaction. ‘What is so entertaining you rather than his music?’ The duke intervened. The jester was as if the conductor to diminish the cadence, then he urged. ‘Our duke of Ceth Fruga, you are quite alone but the power of the king. Their power of the prophecy is second to none. You have already broken your fidelity for tomorrow, and Lebada the Thief will be coming onto us for his duty, because it is necessary.’

‘Atious II doesn’t disagree for the solution on the plague, I shall rather avoid to impose excess anxiety on him. He can be grateful with the plenty of food without trouble of his mind, which is suddenly conjured up for the people. I know well about the reward of the hard labor, thus I also comprehend the joyful gift without his labor, am I wrong?’

‘You pronounce good words to be followed, but what are your prophets saying?’

‘The one is prohibited the attendance of this ceremony as he disturbed the council, and the other is the reliable disciple under the promise of Gairas, thus he may have already settled all our plan with him.’

‘Certainly? However, Lebada the Thief will determinedly come.’

‘What did you mean?’ Fruga’s intense question deepened their dispute. ‘The Sanhedrin voted the Thief to be crucified.’

‘The servant from heaven doesn’t make revenge, yet to heal the plague.’ The jester reduced his distance to the host, ‘I beseech you, don’t repeat the same failure as your ancestor. I am the person who weights

the same, either the death of the one or the death of many, it is expressed as “life”. You would lose your sailors with their resources.’

‘The dream of Tecarion was only the infidels’ cheat.’

‘Dionysius warns for the pagans, and Aroth doesn’t ship for this month.’

‘You speak from hell,’ the duke's temper was about to beyond himself. ‘I am listening to the words of God.’

‘How? You are not the prophet.’ Unexpectedly, the interrogation was eloquently responded, and it was not the barbiturate for this authority. ‘I have nothing except my soul, if the end of mine is known by God, it is followed by my soul, thus my actions are hard to be presaged by the prophets of injustice.’

‘Ah... So great of your mind... if you can celebrate for the Ark of Ceth, together.’ The jester tried to veer the air towards the serene pragmatism, but the more summarized remarks to be precisely taken, the more exact bellicosity he had to find. ‘The Ark for God, not for the atheist.’

‘We may be abused to be the apostate as we are also the servants of Christ.’

‘The servants of the Pythagorean wisdom, I also approve of him, but your light is too much to be calculated into the shape.’

‘Ha!?! We can be defeated for the higher degree if we were, by only one atheist in this land, Dr. Eupolous, the cross-breed genius.’

‘His hands are holy. He lives with every goodness of history of the Sadducees.’ After the jester’s comment, Fruga exploited his tactic that was culminated in somewhat upturned, ‘You see nothing, the others like us.’

‘I beseech you again, you, your arrogance would destroy the land. Your Ark is sunk, and the decayed bodies of your sailors are destined to be almost in the eternal stray until the end of the world. How can the vessel return without the helmsmen?’

‘Catch the boar to punish, who sang from the bottom of hell!’ Just as the commander Med gripped the pommel, his guards unleashed their form and sealed the entrance, but the jester speedily went up to the inside balcony, and jumped out through the glass window, as if the rolling keg being pitched headlong by somebody.

When the dine ceremony was troubled, Pere grasped Natasha, and they immediately escaped behind the corner wall, at the same time as Edya’s slender hands gave the ring of key to Natasha, without the time to explain for it. Pere kissed her again under the dim lamp, and there was also someone brushing his lip against the back of her fingers that had been keeping the key. They saw the chunky figure of the jester to ask for help, and Pere speculated to fit the item into the hole of the wardrobe of the alcove, which contained the wigs and the pallas for the duchess, presumably to attend the urgent guests. The jester wore some of them, and enquired them if they would come with him, but they didn’t nod, so that he excused for his haste in his disguise as a female. Before his valediction, he drunk from his bottle, and gave it to Natasha, ‘The Doctor cooked the water up for the good medicine, grace onto your health, farewell.’ The small wooden door to the outer yard was creaked, with the jester’s consideration where he would stay on the night.

The Ark of Ceth was unveiled on the next day near their seaside aedicle, the huge barque emerged, yet the sensitively organized masts, the intricate rigging that would make corresponding harmony with the winds and the clouds, when the tide pushed the waves onto the shore, it was like the cradle of the magnificent mother's womb. Regardless the official meeting all night before, including Nedious, the duke was excessively proud of exhibiting the power of the creativity that had grown in his city. Although Fruga was never humiliated for what had happened during the banquet, he asked the sailors if there were the ones who refused to deposit their lives to the work, but none of them. While Natasha was looking at Pere who was with his father, celebrated and appreciated mostly for the day whom she felt in her eyes that could be forever, Edya often re-settled her cloth around her shoulder, whether the eddy current in harbor was too strong for her to calm the mind of anxiety.

They trawled the huge amount of the net, in order to compensate the previous disturbance and re-dine, but it was terribly fetid. However, the Ark of Ceth had already been gone towards the horizon, and the jester's words were viciously circulating within Fruga.

No matter, at the time, his rabble-rouser, Yepa divested the female wig and so forth. The maestro never calculated how often the lengthy hem had been trapped by the branches, but since his own tunic and the vest lightened his body, as soon as he saw the signaling smoke over the boarder between Verathz and Aroth, he could gush into his dash.

(8) The Battles & The Apocalypse

The determined destinies among the opposed two sides were well-nigh the victory or defeat, and the latter was often equal to the death, yet there was the splendor of vertex, not to end, they called mutually an enemy, so that they killed each other for the instincts of preservation, was it not for their own lives at all, indeed, it was definitely to continue the scale of civilization.

‘The world has begun as the chaos of entropy, and the gods established the order, yet it has once established, the corruption should be the way to return the order, but you can’t. The altered things to disorder, you have not already been Ian of Vearthz and the father of the twins. If you make consent with my words, exhibit us the rare, and return to see your children, by the report to the king that the city of Verathz have experienced three scores of infanticides.’ Tecarion engraved his howl over the above atmosphere.

‘I am the father of the children, and the Father always favors of our sentience. I beseech you, for the faith, what is tender than honey, and what is greater than a lion?¹’

‘That is a bee, they bear sugary honey, but they stab lion with their spear.’

‘No, No, No! That is the milk, the milk from their mothers, without it, the cubs are never grown. The mothers of Verathz have already lost their work, the infants are born to be starved. Discern the sign of the time!²’

‘Our history has not been the first to suffer from the famine, and in fact, we were born after the survived. After the wars that were begun by the ones like you, who give more pain to the soldiers whom you adore for their fecundity as the twins, the triplets ... and the wars kill the mothers as you murdered Adera.’

‘My Kachy spoke to me, “Dad, my stomach is not bleeding, but some things put needles in me.” And I clasped her mummified body onto my shoulder to gallop around to encourage my city. “We are the same, under the same agony, your duke’s children and wife, the difference is only the marble statues and the Arabian carpet in my dwellings. What do you want? You want the statue? I give it to you. What do you want ? You want the carpet? I give it to you.” However, the mobs begged me for food. Can you see the innumerable soldiers behind me? They are for my action with my daughter, we will get the victory, your place, and we will loot from all over, I will kill you, and your aim would agree with ours, being here but the firing caisson. The way of life by the stupid pagan is becoming obstacle for us, to be honest.’

‘Shut up your mouth, mad!’ The Aroth cried. Following Hedum’s holler, Yun and Ori quickly attended before him, then the huge dense haze enclosed the Verathz, and they became invisible.

Reb and Seda sluiced down from their horses, the others did likewise, the commander and the dame stamped their rapiers to vault, all of the

Aroth levitated as if they were soaked into the air, immersed their whole bodies inverted the heavy skull containers that were loosen down, in a silent jiffy, the edge of the tail of their echelon was multifariously changed in sonic whiz, not to be known where Tecarion was, and the barrage of the arrows were thrown. All the faces of the Aroth were freezing sculptures, this was the truth of the light and the air. However, the shield of the mist was gradually towards the formation, the pelting blades were perfectly avoided by the veiled soldiers of Verathz, who intentionally attempted to set the dual confrontations, the process to hate, to be enemy, to kill, and to protect, but these were only their pretense to be the single battles by the twins. While the sudden emergence of the long swords from the fog pierced the nodes of the hanging Aroth's throats, the warriors whose intention to reach Tecarion were thoroughly dispatched by the rapiers of Reb and Seda, revolving their wrists hundreds times for a second.

As the Aroth completely lost the targets, they were halted in standing of time, yet were to see the shapes of Ori and Yun from the thickest part. The immediate soldiers juxtaposed to deal with the twin prophets, but Echecha, 'No, don't kill another, Yun is the righteous, he is only Ori!'

'Read the move!' Reb made command. When Tecarion set his cross bow at the center of the twin for the moment of the crossed trajectory amid their chain wire glide, the dagger came over him and caught Reb instead, and again... but the feathery storm like Seda's body protected Tecarion, it plunged into her. Echecha broke his knees in his groan, 'Left and right, the right to the left, I can't see, as they vanish when they are the one.'

Tecarion pulled the tethers for retiring to his encampment, after he grasped Seda. The duke had never touched her habergeon before, but it used to be the chlamys, the angel's wings.

The field after the dusk, it was the sheer negligence what had happened except the solidified bodies lying, and someones under the cowls, who disguised to be the monks on duty of Isaiah to give benediction for the souls. Echea was inspected, the motionless figure was carried, alternatively the hooded cadaver was laid from the stretcher. The prophet was brought into the barrack within the near proximity from Dr.Eupolous, and they revealed themselves before the door, the particular tonsure hooted, 'No for no'.

To see his final dream in his tent, Tecarion was writing to the king, 'Loss of every of my fellow, which nature manifests its warning, the core of the cogs ordered us to refuse, thus any defense makes no sense.³ Over the sky, it doesn't hate us, but we hate, all our values were destroyed, then I will follow the worth of our ancestor, the thousands years of their establishment, we are assimilated to be punished.'

Nevertheless, the army of Cylarza arrived at the forest in the battlefield, 'Your action divides the kingdom and none stand,⁴' as Gairas's entreat hadn't influenced Atious II. Tecarion was found by Daniel, jerking his body until all of his fluids leaking out from him, the bunches of the arrows in his upper part, only the mattress of leaves was caring for him. 'I have lived well.⁵' The first voice of a baby bird, and the king pleaded to his commander, hence Daniel took his falchion.

As soon as Baros presaged the siege of Verathz into the city, AtiousII took the billet on the foot of the Palace where could prevent the civilians from their involvement. The prophet made further advise concerning the brattice in the Tower of Justice, which contained the stocks of their weapons, since Ori and Yun who had strengthened their power by such victory, could then, predict where it would be, as well as they were able to cover their minds with the billows, the time of their burglary was utterly ambiguous.

While the strategy was woven, the familiar feature appeared to be near the king, 'I am the one who hears God and I follow.'

'Grace on to you for the water to our people, the legendary Landloper, Yepa, how are things going these days?'

'My things are going to assist you, under the name of Atious I as well.'

The Cylarza took Yepa to the monstrous decrepit tower, the darkness of justice proved the existing light thus no radiance, in order to find the righteousness for heaven. The construction was in the double structure, but it was only accessible among each other by means of the covered parapet walk, and one of the buildings was pointed by Yepa, 'Is there any thing inside of it?'

'No, it is relentless to enter as it is older.' Daniel's answer gave his reverential whimper, 'Ahh, this dilapidation by nature to decay is correct for the one. See that, the wall and the detail of the side include the wooden material. It can be easily fired.'

The entrance was creaked to invite them, and promptly closed, but there were also the two ways as the West and the East that the stairs in the East was almost perpendicular to the floor. 'We should select the

West. If we proceeded to the other, our hips would catch fire by the abrasion with the staircases. Can you feel the ancient maneuver for the war? If the enemy made flame to another side of the tower, the battle would have been eventually in this tower, and the opponent was required to select the stairs, then of course, they were like us. If the stairs were determined, the process of the battle would have gone along with the extension that the light bestowed on them, and the significant thing is, what is going to be here under the perspective, Yepa the Landloper shall beg the disciples of Gairas, Jeth and Baros for your wisdom?’

‘You move as birds, but you are more in favor of gravity, return to us as the dove of Noah to tell us that everything is all right.’ Jeth’s comment was designated by another, ‘And we are missing you as we also speak in God’s will, being moved by the Holy Ghost,⁶ and our master discusses with the celestial spirits by his will, hence he is our, all the prophets’ father since the old times. Gairas proclaims, “The voice is my will, the will of insight and determination, the ability of will bestowed by God”, and speak with Corinthian, “He is what he is by the grace of God, thus knowing about Our Father, not to follow the words drifting from the infernal evil.”’⁷”

‘Then?’ Yepa was so curious. ‘Our victory.’ The commander made his natal phraseology that invigorated the Landloper to stand on the podium, ‘The malediction is often felt in the specified place in the old building, and I have been justly certified by the prophets, thus I need your time to wait for me, it can be easy.’ Yepa climbed up the stairs in the West, and flew back to them, ‘Though musty odor is only our enemy.’

The soldiers filed up after the Landloper and the king, finally Daniel, as the way to the higher floor was too narrow for the two person to ad-

vance. When they came to the third floor from the top, which had the brattice, Yepa paused. 'I hear the words of God, I subjugate to only His words, then show to the ones in present, who are under the oath of fidelity to the king.' Yepa was soothed himself by releasing his conscious to be manipulated by the spirit, he plodded along with the corridor, and indicated the part of the stones that consisted the floor, and it was knocked a few times. After the keen edge of the hoe was used to discard the rectangular, and it eventually made hole, Yepa got down onto the pit where he discovered the space to be their cache. The makeshift windlass equipment with the frames of the iron bars shaped like the gallows, was taken advantage to carry the weapons except the light weights that could be simply dropped down, for all the men in the city of Cylarza to work in their new hoarding, especially the peasants who were traditionally not for the battles.

The army of Cylarza lodged where the war would begin, in the opposite field from the monastery, moreover within the near proximity to the tower that the premonitory had been unfulfilled, yet the explosion like reverberation that was caused by the last process with the falling metals onto the storage, led the unstable temper of Ian's haste for his spasm. Yepa acknowledged the coming of the enemy in his undertone, 'Even nature..., unable to overcome a sort of human psyche,' but Daniel was shrewd. 'They are... as if the half of them is not in real.'

'They are in complete symmetry as if they exist in different dimension for each side. Is this their way by the twins?' The king confirmed their uncanny approach. 'No, they are not with the mist right now, but they exist in one of the two sides, which is the opposite of the veil. They

changed the fog as the mirror, thus only the illusion is reflecting as if the same amount of their soldiers are also on another side.'

'Since they may have lost quite their numbers against Aroth... Which side is the real? Shall we give the arrows to the both side?'

After Yepa's hypothesis, the spur of the commander was held by Jeth whose alert if they would call back the mist for a moment before the reach, but the Landloper made proposal for his reconnaissance that was rejected by the king, 'No. You have already helped enough for us, you should return to our camp and receive honor from the guard.'

'You do not know, His Majesty, I did not fulfill, so that I shall do fulfill.' It was too late for the king to brood the scribble on the painting, 'His end is for us, to show the teeth.' Yepa rode on the small donkey, and kicked it tenderly. The Landloper on the ass strolled to the Verathz, and they thought that it might have been the child getting on his toy, who was pretending to be the hero singing for the victory. Yepa made sugary voice with the melody to instruct how to descend the nasty stairs of the tower.

'Your soul is along with the spiral wall,

And the evil beguiles you as if God makes you fallen

As you lose the sight of the next step,

But, your feet are pulled onto the next step,

The angel moves your feet.

As long as you survive, your feet are not for the hell.'

'It's only the mad dwarf for spying us!' Hedum threw his arrow, and it hit Yepa who bounced only once but the sound of his pain. However, the

donkey was excited, took gallop towards the Verathz and it vanished into the near forest. Nobody attacked the donkey as the weapon was in scarcity, yet couldn't ...rather ...attacked it? Daniel alone had been observing the donkey, and for a second, another donkey had been reflected, just before it had disappeared, which had been viewed by the edge of his eyes. 'Right is true!' The commander brought down the decision. Although the Verathz veiled their both sides without delay, their deaths actually made sounds behind it. The troops of Cylarza were gradually narrowing their distance to Ian, avoiding exactly the spears that were coming to them, wherever, whenever, as the army of the genealogy of the prophets. 'What is the manner of you, Ian whom even the air and the vapor obey?'⁸ I have already been all reported from the coroner's office.' There was no answer but the arrow, then Atious II quickly put the shield that had been in ready, subsequently Baros tensed his voice to them. 'Yun and Ori, you are not our fellow, but we are the disciples of our Gairas. Are you unable to see more evolved humans in the future? You made the deluge of the twins by your envisions, who would be the parents, who would bear the twins. Then, your office began to search for them throughout the land, and your ways were used. False peace can't be for long, what are there among the couples, you and your people?' Ori chuckled to reply from the mist under the aegis of their ostentatious excitement, 'The cattle breed well if they are for a while separated.'

'Why are you so lewd? For more the conspiracy, or to conceal your degradation?'

'I will listen to your revelation in the Throne.' Yun and Ori from the fog, and they bifurcated into the four to the eight, all of them had the daggers in their hands. As every soldier's focus was fixed onto the octet-

illusion, nobody could see Ian on the steed, yet the bull's eye was on the king, whereas by the game of their wills, Baros and Jeth gripped their crosiers that were called the Serpent for the Just, the power depended on the level of righteousness and faith of the possessor against the evil, or the innocence whom it never worked, moreover it was in humbler trunk of organic materials than the pastoral staff of their master. The projectile of the synergy from their sticks blasted at the center of the eight, and the two were as the worn out clothes eviscerated on the ground. Following for a few seconds, Ian divested his plates to scratch his chest, almost the grasp of his heart, and when the soil was inside of his nails, his breath was stopped, correspondingly, the mist was suddenly cleared to reveal the Verathz, who had the eyes as if they were terribly annoyed by the thing, such as children's bad behaviors, but their mouths were actually smiled because they were disturbed, which was the resistance by the dint of the remnant of their human complexity, being specified their worst, yet it was itself, so simple.

The serenity on the night was too verbose to illuminate the reality of insanity that was there for the reason to be on the physical earth, and though the art of the miens might have been the witnesses to the denouements, but they had never spoken for it, whether it was Yepa of the picture frame, and the palm of the king interacted with the wall where the portrayal was hooked. 'Your Majesty', his commander moved his steps forward, affectionately saluted to the Landloper, before his bequeathed comment was told to the king, if the barque of Ceth was drawn, the war would be unavoidable with them, in this case, Dr. Eupolous was the most to be relied on, who shared the same blood with them as he had been born under the reputable promise of his fortunate realm without the sin

of the Sadducees. While the king was listening to Daniel, the painting that had the exuberant expression in his gape was looking at, how long after the future, having opened the gates to their destiny, no indolence for His work, so was he, indeed, laughing was very frugal for the life.

On the day, Loch accompanied Med on the seashore as the corpse had been turned out to be the result of the accident, inevitably nauseating to gaze at it, the jaundiced inflammation containing amount of gaseous water, huge mammal like figure that had already lost the shape of the biped. The inquest flapped over its orifices a little, and learnt the distinctive odor drifting up, which was not the outflow from the normal putrefaction, but Loch hurriedly excused to the rock pool. His negative presage that the end was close to the land, the battles would continue, the decay inflicted on every region, the myriads of the perished were corrupting all matter, his irritation was not only unexpected loss of his nutrition even in scarcity, but also he hit the above, when Med informed of him about the flotsam that the rotten wood was of the Ark of Ceth, the spongy edge was the same as the body, moreover the commander spoke in sentimental petit, deeply distressed, 'Shall I not say to the duke?'

'Herald to him, but shall you lower half an octave for your throat... so... recreant!' The fabric was whipped Med's face, who was more than inches taller than Loch.

At the time, there was none for Fruga to calm his mind, the survived Edya couldn't be known from her confinement in the outer ward as she had begun the eerie habit to squeak frequently during their sleeps, furthermore she had quitted her bathing because of her emerged fear of water, but her fetidness had come from different. Although the remaining servants prepared the meals for the duke, as soon as their peripheral

mistakes were discovered, they were condemned to vanish, as he accused of them, 'My life can't be relied on you.'

As well as Pedam answered, 'Yes', this was his last word to his authority, when Fruga inquired him whether he needed the music, before the builders were sunk into the abysmal tide, and to prove their loyalty to the peculiar patriotic order at the behest of the duke, which the people should have learnt how impeccable the water in their shore was, in other words, how their flesh would whiff that they could confirm. After all, the parade to pull the wrongdoers was long through the city, and the cacophonous sight was made, surrounding the father and the son, who was like a spoiled brat in the genuine stone ephod to celebrate, the orchestration was robustly entertaining him in his dilated eyes, whose expression of the pupils in empty, besides Pedam was in care for him, as he had been always so, not to injure the tenacious hands by the sharp tools for their work, while they were going upwards to the execution, 'My boy, you shall be careful for the stairs.'

'Daddy, daddy.' However, in fact, Pere's mind was merely for his search of Natasha, in his yearning not to be seen the shame, with his unbeatable tether perpetually being pecked by his bloody fingers. The spectators heard the splash twice, whereas the builders ended their breaths from the bounding floor, and it was only for a minute that they could put their minds to the chilly temperature.

‘Hide into the ship to Carthage.’ The retinue from Ceth gave Natasha a piece of vellum that the quality of paper was smelled confidently to overcome, for the evidence of the land, for the beginning of life in her body, she never forcefully subdued her sobbing, but it was by the power of faith, then the letter was swaddled with the phial from the jester, such unaffected plain sonnet of love, how would be continued for the rest of the lines to sing for the cradle. Nedious was certain for the date of the ship, despite of his complaint that if the people found her daughter’s pregnancy under the circumstances..., his murmur as the substitution for telling her the deaths of the builders that had been fully informed of him, and Natasha was covered with the headscarf. The midnight entourage to the port departed with her, only Nedious was left silent, farewell to his daughter.

There was also the emissaries from Ozylarza to the council in Cylarza in the early morning, the dawn of the sun on the day was almost within the equal time when Rydas entreated the king to urgently discuss about the confusion for the famine, and the battle between Verathz and Aroth, which the sovereign had been involved.

After the agronomists announced the recent losses of the cattle and the crops that the rotation of the land for the tillage and the fallows was hardly maintained, the haruspices represented their investigation about the narrow cave discovered near the seashore where was almost in the middle of Ceth and Verathz, as a result that they had insistently traced the increment of the heat degree. ‘It can be properly insinuated as the hollow foundation, a person is never permitted to enter even the guarantee of immortality, but one of us knocked it, and the echo surely lingered through, which meant the space to keep water that is utterly unclean, as

the circulation is disturbed, then, the organisms inhabited there to be dead, thus the emergence of bacteria is impossible to be avoided. Being fed well, the corpulent cell activities cause the emission of fever, of course the magma below the position helps to intense the air, and consequently it arrives at the boiling points, the vapors are bespattered over, getting on the waves, as well as by the winds. We have been eventually succeeded in collating the rigid proof for the master's envision of the earthquake, in the case of the explosion to release the contaminated gas.' Rydas clapped his hands to give cumbersome applause for the theory, in heartfelt dullness of his uttermost irony, 'I lament for my unknown what I should have already been known even a decade ago, is this my luxurious hope?'

'There is the hope of extravaganza that is made concession by our Father, if it is come from justice of your soul.'

'Exactly, Gairas, and I never interrogate what is the justice among your disciples.'

'Our justice is established to tell the Throne how we can prove our faith after the Eden.' Not as the defense for his mentor, but the point was expressed as the exact disapproval by Locu, 'We, the prophets, even our master Gairas are living in humiliation under God, this can be the same as you, duke. And such indignity manipulates my words that we foresee, but the solution is kept in authority, the authority of our people, to have the solution is by the power of our people, is this a mistake?'

'And I, the king, shall conduct the solution for the people, in other words, I believe the people who show their loyalty to me, share for your

lives even under such circumstances. However, Verathz became impossible to do so, and the thing went for them to be in such a fate.'

Rydas raised his body by leaning onto the hefty hilt. 'His Majesty, forgive me to have my words within my honesty. You are only imposing the anodyne nostrum for the living souls to drift eternally in the purgatory.'

'I expect you to maintain yourself, as you are usually the sentient duke. We shouldn't cause augural factions anymore, not to impose the death on our people. That is enough for me, regarding Verathz and Tecarion's death, our land I adore same as you is in such desperation? Is this the land to be destined to expose the human misery?' It was rather only the comfort than the resolution, and suggested by Gairas, 'When we are required to have the solution, there should be still the hopeful way to be kept, albeit Locu spoke about necessary modest for us. The causation is the key to open the door for the salvation. Natural cause should be ceased by the force of nature.'

'Do you know the way?'

'We shall have it.'

'I speak as the shepherd hired by God. Death shall not be afraid, if we are just and righteous, we are invited to heaven, and our untethered souls live eternally without the bondage of the fear. God's salvation on the earth has already been attested by the water from Yepa, the pious servant.'

'However, you are the trained shepherd, moreover the archbishop, the people are difficult to be as you, in fact Verathz, their madness was not only by their personality since they had been born.' Loch's aggression cast the reality against the archbishop. 'If the dogma of Christianity

sounds impetuous, I only beg the people, not to curse your God. And you can fulfill your lives.'

Every attendance of the council firstly thought that it would be the clinks of Rydas's armor to remark, again, but the blow for stumbling down the chair was made by Foz, yet there were no proceeding actions among the frozen two fellow prophets. 'Protectors!' The spectator shrieked. If the nadir of the starvation for happiness had the corporeal form to be conjured up, and if the goal of the profession was death, it could be the guardian of the mind by the lanky skeleton body, with the crescent of the sickle that was as if fallen down from the starry firmament to send the one away into the infernal damnation, who attempted to annoy the owner to achieve the completion of agon. The protectors were the manifestation from the prophets not by their wills, but the accumulated emotions that were the risks on their lives, besides no existences on the earth could prevent the fights among the skeletons. The high ceiling of the assembly was too meager for them to swipe over, the turbulent blades were like the falcons' wings. For seconds, they took completely the equal actions, the mirroring was exact until the moment of halt as though they were mutually considering how they would spark off for the next, slanting their necks, awesome comedy that could be experienced by whom had already ended their bodies. The weapons were thrown at the same time, the boomerangs were exchanged, and their springs by kicking against the windowsill on each side of the high wall caused the encounter at the pinnacle of the hall, but the scythe was slipped down from the one of them before it was slashed the neck bone, and both disappeared, no pains, no debris of themselves though, Foz burst the red fountain from his mouth splashing over, as if the dissolu-

tion of the tongue. Rydas whispered to Gog to bring the thing, and the bucket of ice-water was poured over Zoa, who had lost his conscious after the battle. 'You shall have the words for me, as your protectors never emerge in normal occasions, what is within you, which has been veiled by you?' Zoa was trembling with cold and terror as the duke retained the blade edge scarcely above the thin skin of his throat, 'The protector appeared firstly from Foz, and I thought if Foz's epilepsy came from his anger that he had hidden, then as soon as I found his necessity of coventness, even with his rage to pervert the truth, I also began to have my violation resulted in my protector.' Just when Rydas was about to settle the sword, the king made order him to release Zoa. 'I did without your words, I beg Your Majesty, not to preach me as if you scold a child for his faux pas, and you were not normally the sovereign to mention to your duke about the jejune justice, I beg you not to lower your mind under the circumstances.' The Ozylarza left the assembly.

While the archbishop settled the dead to be given the benediction with Liron and Job, who were preparing for the shroud and covered the body, the gathering monks prayed for the separation of the soul, Locu came to them, and moaned to the archbishop, with his pretension as though he was pronouncing the psalms for the death, 'I expected you to tap your Crosier as we had been there for Doga. Can't it pacify the cave, as it is the just to save the life? If you have the power, this is our hope, but you never do this, since the fidelity of nature often means whatever for you.' The archbishop couldn't understand the rebuke.

Fruga was suddenly in the northern west sea within the terrain of the city of Cylarza, without his herald for the battle. However, Atious II didn't concern to confront with them, even though he never knew what had happened to the Ark of Ceth, moreover Rydas and Gog were behind, and their soldiers also surrounded the leaders. Rydas had led his army, as many as possible for Ceth, as the temper of Fruga had been at the hysteric worst since Loch's suspicion on the archbishop, as if the brilliant dog to the owner, which had dug up the juicy meat.

Zoa had already prophesied the enormous numbers of casualty and the risk of Rydas himself, and more unexpectedly, his boss had been nowadays, very tender of him even after the consequent scythe battle among his prophets. This had been the same for Atious II, albeit he had grasped the idea about the mental status of the people, as well as the dukes during the plague, but his mind was dismayed in consternation as he saw the shining plates of Rydas among the Ceth, who was elder than him, and the king had been often learnt from him as if the duke had been his brother, how to fight, how to protect, how to exercise the body, and these were all the fundamental manual, furthermore Rydas had been reputable for his excellent fidelity, like Pachomius the monk, the former soldier and the founder of the first monastery in more than a couple of century ago, 'Do for His justice', such Canon law had belonged to the creed of the duke, and where had it gone?

Gog commanded to his troops to take complete defense, thus they were the moving bronze walls, the gigantic shields were handled by their exceptional dexterity. 'We should take the same battle as Rydas, and not to attack the opponents except the risk of life,' which was the result of consideration by the king to get over the grey area remained still of him.

Indeed, the vessels of Ceth were utterly as their steeds, from the bows to the sterns, the sterns to the bows, the rigging was the skeins for the felines, to draw kaleidoscopic display. The aesthetic representation even in predicament, the power of the creators, just as Daniel thought, being carried by his ship that had been made in Ceth, the commander was more astonished the fact that the two of the three Ceth, who had targeted him were fallen into their death, before Daniels's huge catapult would have saved the Ark of Cylarza, and the one of the three, who had survived, dived into the foams by himself. Once Daniel made his soldiers to establish the shelter with the oval roofs, he hurried for the report to the king, who ordered the skiffs. Daniel and a few soldiers accompanied him for inching to the opponents, and as soon as Fruga also felt the unusual situation, he suspended their attacks.

‘John said, “God is the light and the words, His words created this world.” And we sing wisely by the words of God, and I shall give you my words from God, how do you know the next of your seats, the next of your bronzes, swords, shields are the sincere followers of you? The rebels are rebelled against the rebels, I shall seek for the criterion from the way God elects us.’ There was a little disturbance among the Ceth for the resonant conundrum by Daniel, but Fruga who chuckled sententiously for the purpose that his rhythmic squeaking to be heard by all, ‘If the piquant mead is split by the king’s order, it is poured back to his own head, Atious the Second, you shall also show me how you believe, how you trust the one with the Crosier?’

‘I believe the ones who have the weapons of such oracle, Daniel spoke the wisdom of our prophets against you, this is my trust on them.’ No wait till the response from the king was finished, a whimper of the cross-

bow hit Fruga from his back, and the spasmodic surge among the soldiers who enclosed their duke, who had been fallen down on the floor just before, they sliced his body that had already been peeled to be unclothed, without the nomenclature even as the cadaver, inevitably the devastated battle began among the Ceth and the Ozylarza, the jumbled previous fellows. 'Move away, Move, take the move.' Gog's command, they were gliding astern prior to be slanted for the rare guards, as the adherents of Rydas.

Atious II's camp was in the forest not far from the monastery, the night was hazy, somewhat lost the stars, and the one opened his tent, the thin face of the abbot was uncovered. 'That is this! The monk to the billet, and you are alone.' The abbot had been for the seed and the edible buds throughout the day, with his hope if he had been able to see, once more the same plant as The Tears of The Thief. The abbot had already been informed what had happened during the battle from Baros and Jeth. 'The people follow you for your justice, your justice is followed by your faith to your people, it is the same your faith to God. You can believe the people who follow your justice by their faith'.

It was the parallel anxiety for Rydas who continued to contemplate, especially, when he found about Med rumored among the soldiers that he had plunged himself into the sea as the first witness of the betrayal. The commander's death was the grief for Rydas, yet his lamenting soul was more for Zoa, who had run towards Fruga to protect, since Rydas knew that the scythe battle of their protectors weakened the power of the prophets to the certain extent, whether he had misunderstood as if Rydas would have been cut into pieces, considering the situation that had been proceeded, and if he had envisioned it, or rather that his action had

been the bequeathing revelation..., anyhow the duke had to go advance without his own prophets.

One day, after they experienced the sea battle, Gairas summoned to the king who appreciated for his contribution to the succeeding battles, and praised the work of Baros and Jeth, but the master's humiliation was for the direct facilitation with their own abilities, then he appealed to the king, regarding the serious matter. 'The treachery was made because of the current famine becoming worse, and some citizens as well as our soldiers claim that the king is intentionally avoiding what he is impossible to resolve, consequently, the infidelity henceforth should be the kernel of our precaution, the thing of Ceth would be our own.' Atious II never disapproved what he was warned, but smiled to him, and gave his response that if Gairas had meant about his negligence on the destructive cave, it could be true, but there had been no answer from nature hitherto, he was in consideration to prioritize the diplomacy recovered again peacefully, even with difficulty, to get over it and to survive until God persuaded His Creation. However, Gairas continued, 'I shall be sorry for your expectation against the reality of my knowledge, Ceth may attack us, not by the resurgence on the water, as they have lost their duke and the commander to take their entire helms, but they will come into the city for the plunder, and it presumably sacrifices the innumerable innocence. Furthermore, in my honest mind, I can't prove the stability of the people in this situation, if some of them became the rebel and got involved in the Ceth, the city would fall into confusion, are we to slay our people under your Palace? I am the master of your prophets not for Your Majesty to be depressed, but to preempt the destruction. I have prepared how we can do so, as our prophets are, nowadays tended to be criticized

for what it has already been occurred.’ The king made tenacious laugh to ease his mind by Gairas’s deliberately whimsical ridicule on themselves for cheering up the one, ‘What do you have?’

‘Yes, His Majesty, the pious mendicant bequeathed the loci for this issue, not only to fight, but for the faith of human being. You might not have, yet I have the details how it can work, as it is done by the harmonious conduct of the Doctor and our prophets, and mostly with nature of our land, the labyrinth of Mt.Ivy, the excellent fortress since our ancestors, which has been destined to save us for the victory, and now is the time when heaven vouchsafes the ladder on the equinox.’

The strategy was led by Gairas, it was began by the cartographic drawing of Dr.Eupolous whose paint technique for the red figure vases, as only the clay slipped parts became black in the final oxidization in kiln, the hint was that it depended on the swathes to be the navigator to their trap, as well as the others, which were to be sealed out of the established route.

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36

1	2	6	3	4	5
7	8	9	12	10	11
13	14	16	15	18	17
19	21	22	20	25	24
23	26	27	28	30	29
31	32	33	35	34	36

Mt. Ivy was usually mapped as the first grid that was neatly aligned in order, the each cell was densely thorn bushed, thus there was no answer unless the explorer got into. 'The jumbled random sequence is in fact, the determined formula, the law of nature moves my hands, I shall be loyal to them as it is, and finally, the 35 is for our enemy to ascend, yet as for the 30, it is beyond my ken.' Despite the limit of the time was almost nothing for Dr. Eupolous, because these never dried up like the clays, he completed the delineations for minutes, and gave them to Gairas. 'Astonishing enough, Doctor, your head is thought to make perfect collaboration with your art, whatever there is of your soul, this can be established. Yes, Doctor, exactly, our grafting effects along with the instinct of the soils on the mount, 1 and 2, but the 6 for our safe threshold, 3 and 4, each of the two cells is thundered to grow up, nevertheless the 6 and the 5 are to be hacked off by us, sadly though much easier to collapse. However, you know, the 19, 17, 16 are infinitely adamant as the eternal jail. Of course, the 30 is for us. We can avoid the tawdry crush with the enemies, as long as we make the exact presage when they are passing through the cell.' The master was sufficient with the two arranged maps in his hand, and the cloudy day near the autumn equinox was scheduled, because the people would gain the optimism for the expecting rain rather than bewildered by the continuous thunderbolts, ultimately Gairas facilitated the enigmatic term as the hook that would prick the bait, on the one of the drawings, 'Peter's key has the figure 5.' It indicated that the 5 was the logarithmic destiny to the 35 for the opponents, but the divine arithmetic was the 6 for the righteous that was to be shared by the Cylarza.

When Gairas confessed Loch for the king's enquiry about his informer of Ceth, he also implored the king to suspect the one who had betrayed, despite of their fidelity, as the habit was inclined to be repeated, and the master could be cynical to his disciple because he had been dumb about the cursed shipwreck of Ceth and the execution of the builders, until the battle had ended. Furthermore, Gairas promised to the king for the tactical deception by way of the number 5 that would be given to Loch, as long as there was the permission for the master to invite his disciple to the Palace among their mutual relationship.

Therefore, Locu made visit with the hood covered his head for their prudent conduction, and the exchange was taken place in the secret space under the floor where was located soon after the entrance of the hidden passage accessed to the Doctor's workshop. The words on the map had been written with the essence of the orange that was visible by the adequate heat, no verbal communications among them, as the guard was just their above, and for the absolute confidentiality. The small candle dimly, but exactly reflected the two shadows of their faith that was never betrayed by their bow.

After a few days elapsed, there was also the silhouette in the castle of Ceth, and albeit it should not have been his, but rather in his agility, Zoa got into the room of Uga, who was fallen into sick on his bed, whether he had been forbidden to participate in any official works, the illness from the plague never allowed him to do so. Zoa was firstly misunderstood as the apparition, yet he calmed the prophet, and told his story that when he had run towards the duke, his brain had suddenly cleared for the one who had not been Rydas, and he had disguised as the dead, fortunately he had been saved by Emga. Zoa mentioned to him about his doubt if Ry-

das was intending for his own death with his affectionate land, and Zoa recently worked under the Doctor whom Uga hugely admired, what was more, he had witnessed the meeting between Gairas and Locu, but there had been the envision onto Zoa, being conjured up in the definite scintillation, as if was it however the candle fire shimmered, the wick was firm. When he disclosed the further suspicion on Gairas, regarding the dream, Uga's face was changed, 'How?'

'Ironically, as the shadow for healing, if the one can have the power to move their invisible shadow, and influence the sleeper.'

'The thing is consistent what our master have ever taught us, the dream is the world of light, it exists within the essence of the light, thus the prophets are the dreamer, who continue to see the world of the extended light phenomena. Other dreams are only the puerile tricks of work between the light and the brain, but the dreams that are consisted of the specified spectrums reflect the reality of the future.'

'Exactly.'

'Our master... why?'

'His final purpose is to change the end. As the haruspices have already discovered the culprit, his practice for his purpose is the annihilation of the hindrances for his realm, and his power may be able to cleanse the underground cave, if there are no human obstructions, and he can dominate the land by their subjugation to create the kingdom of Gairas. Uga, you shall know that these days, there are only a small number of people who can do justice of their sanity. I beseech you, tell me where Locu's scriptoria is.' Uga gave the direction and said, 'He has been busy to prepare for the upcoming battle with Cylarza, so that he hasn't

stayed his room for long, at all,' with his request to his pal for the quill staved the inkstand on the table, 'To live?' Impulsive piercing into the tongue vein by himself.

However, Zoa's furtive maneuver didn't have any afford even for the loss of his old associate, the lukewarm writing room, regardless of the air was felt impassable for the oil lamp, he was confident with the absolute divine spell that had attested onto him, and he eventually added '- (minus)1' to the juxtaposed position of the unobserved 6, while Locu was out, as he was called by the servant that Uga was something wrong.

On the day when the summer was went towards the equal balance between the darkness and the light, it was the imposition on the inevitable orbital bodies, thus they were quite lazy in their hospitable mind for the ladder hanging down onto the earth from the Above. The three had their pastoral staffs, in the equilateral triangular formation, and the grafting was begun from its first process for growth by the positive interactive powers of Gairas, Baros and Jeth. Heightening up their sticks to electrify, the thunderous explosion, followed by the triple diversion absorbed into each of the three instrument, and as their target was determined on the position of the ground, the next was the convergence of their charges, then the 1 to the 2, and the 3 to the 4, the myriads of monstrous fig trees emerged from the earth for their further occupation, correspondingly the warping ivies upwards around the trunks and the brunches, extending over their neighbors. The people in the city were never frightened, even thought their work was continued until the 34 to the 35, because of their rapid speed to propagate, which humans were impossible to feel the sensations. As their master had once said that the emission of the negative power had not been so difficult, there was no

need to be done by the triangle, Baros was standing by the side of the 5, whereas Jeth was for the 6, but Gairas jostled himself into the 30 to receive each charge from his two disciples, and the master had to distribute the power to the 29 for the space of their surveillance to pre-empt the encounter, but not to the 35. After the promised betting of Gairas to select the available ways where the bushes were comparatively benign, Baros for the determinant five, as well as Jeth for the dominoes of the six, started the process to create the bald fields, 5,10,15... as well as 6,12,18... finally the master did the hedging with the ensuing energy by energy, for their purpose.

Wretched land, the Ceth as well, they were indeed, the assembled downtrodden without Fruga, but instead, Loch took every command for their insurrection, with the soldiers of Ozylarza, who had the same mind as theirs, even though they were under the ironic destiny that they had to deal with exceptionally unperturbed labyrinth, they were enough optimistic beyond the judgment of organic matter, presumably within the reality that if they were on the fate to be refused, the reliance on the human conduct was the best, they had the weapon '5'.

Gairas was to take central role for the battle, since only the master's squib could initiate the execution on the Creations that had their souls, the fact was that the triangle was composed of the three angles. However, Gairas had a little proclivity for his trudge to the exterior of the 35, and just when he was passing the façade of the 23 where was utterly opportunistic barren field to have worked for the 21,22,26,27,28, there was the one who was bending his knees before him, the soldier came from the 23 as a result of his lurking. 'I beseech you the master of the prophets, to bestow your words for our Loch, our plea forces the absolute affirmative

on you.' Gairas felt his behind shut by the heavy reek of their armors, and Loch appeared from the 23, courteously ushered him into there.

'If I had done it, I would have had 5, the 5 alone, and exactly, yours had 6.' Loch shrugged his shoulder. 'However, only you knew, master, only you, the invisible number.'

'Naughtiness is the proof of supremacies that I have made.'

'Who?'

'You.'

'My dirge shall be sung onto you, sir, I never injure you under the name of our Father, yet I weep, as you so diminished, and in fact, you couldn't.'

'Yes, I couldn't. So, shall we share a cup of mead in equal taste, as we should favor the equal taste? Mead is more manifold than wine.'

It was almost at the same time as Gairas's gentle laugh was made with his fingers shaped the chalice for mead, Daniel sent the signal from the 29, and the sun reflected for a moment to be confirmed by the Cy-larza at the position. The jail of hell that the 35 was adequate to be called, the Ceth was marching, tenderly welcomed into there, to be cuddled by the botanical damnations, but the two disciples didn't have any other way except grasping their staffs without their master. However, the rustling steps to attend in front of them, the maternal face was with the biretta, the horn had the carbuncle, so did her ring as if she had betrothed with someone just before, moreover the black mantle was ambiguous on her identity. 'Dhava!?' Atious II was about to get down from his steed, whereas Dhava steadily raised her arm, the scarlet stone was

pointed at the 35, the momentary rage of celestial flash, from the gem to the gem, via the female torso, the destruction of the 35 as well as she was sprinkled over the soil as the scorching sands.

‘As there was no need to be consumed for the 23, it doesn’t have any significant access,’ Gairas’s pretext, but the master was not the one whom the king required. When the abbot turned the knob of his scriptoria, Atious II settled his jaw on the hilt of the scepter, the engraved cross was harmonious for the candlelight, ‘I can’t wait until her birth once more on this earth, I can’t live for so long, she may forget me. Or is this my pretension?’

‘No, His Majesty.’

‘Her alabaster box contained many, I hadn’t yet considered such aspect of her femininity, and only I had known of her, who had followed the pure destiny alone.’

‘I am less acknowledged than you.’

‘If she had still lived... is there no chance?’

‘No, chance.’

‘Is this my sin to be persistent in the dead?’

‘If you have the reason on it....’ The abbot’s attitude on the death was the placid breeze, the little bird may have been awoken, but never to be flown away. Although the resurrection hadn’t been attested since Jesus Christ, including the fact that they were impossible to have her corpse, the Midnight High Mass for her would show effect. ‘I the mortal is within the limited power that relies on the force of equinox. I can bless my soul for the Mass, only once, as long as the divine ladder is onto us. Your Maj-

esty, I beg your order in your choice, which one should be with the finite sacrament, for healing the plague according to our plan, or for the invocation of Dhava? You shall follow the words of God as the king, whose authority is under the governance of the Father, but I don't know the duty of human sovereign, then I beg. What do you decide?'

'I shall see Dhava,' no wonder on the king. 'As the Mission doesn't make certain promises for the corporeal cure of the epidemic, and if the king expects actual benefit from Dhava, I will follow. His Majesty, I would have also pronounced my approval, if you had selected the Service for the affliction, as these are both correct, and no repent with our Lord.'

Since Dhava had had her nanny in her infancy, called Mora, the alter cloth was sewn by this pious old woman, and the shiny black was based for mourning the dead, usually it was on the table during the Lent Office, with the red lining as the color of the Martyr to be the sign of the resistance, whether the Son by the Father, to oppose the Father.

The procession for the Mass Entry, the candle ocean was liberated the tide by the abbot whose crosier, mantled in the black cappa magna, the hem was kept by Uziel the chamberlain in charge of the life for the raiment to ascend, and the unity of the shimmering waves was organized to shore up to the credence, only by the angel's instruments, the viol and the portable organ, the monks on the choir as well as on the presbytery were without hymns, yet their soul was to communicate with the dead, thus to be in the equal grace. Atious II was at the top front seat in the nave, and he genuflected, when all the attendances who faced to the alter did so, except Haran and Kadid who were playing the concordance. All the offertories were no attachment for the day, and as the music paused, the abbot offered the one cross for the burden of the death to descend. It

was during the midnight, the hour was for the Matins, the praise for God, the praise for the dead, for her life as well, then our Father would open the gate for her, and she would be called down as her serene soul to bestow her virtue, if she had not had the sufficient time for it, she would do a little more.

The king himself, but presumably not only him, hardly attained the comprehension of the soul, infinite, no corruption. Nevertheless, it could be such a solace, Atious II plunged into his bed, for the attempt to see the dead, his exhaustion was rather severe, severe for the land, and he didn't know where he was then. Nostalgic though, he couldn't be but the compassion for the one, lying down where the golden crosses occupied the dim room, and the spasmodic violent shriek, Gairas attended Atious I.

‘Your Majesty, is the pain inflicting on you?’

‘The pain of my soul than the decay of my flesh.’

‘It can be eased by my adoration, you shall not stray even you have seen the land without you, as my mind is more for it, than the Creator for the whole.’

‘My son.’

‘Your son is in sleep, but not in the cot, his regency is certainly accomplished after you.’

‘This land shouldn't belong to human authority, and if my son aspires to be married, if he loves Dhava, see, whether they mutually affectionate....’

‘If it is also the will of the Omniscience.’ There was the silence for a while, and the former king opened his eyes in wondering, whether he settled his breath, or spoke, ‘Is the Eden as heaven?’

‘No, the fruit was eaten by Adam himself, moreover His evaluation on the first human by means of the prohibition, was also by God’s will. Heaven is the place for the one’s end for the eternity, and whose soul has already been proved as just and righteous.’ Gairas’s response was once interfered to confirm the end of the old king, and the master covered the face with the duvet, but he continued to converse with the air, until the door was closed, ‘You may dream, His Majesty, the heaven on the earth.’

Atious II was deeply grieved, but he had to enforce himself, because ‘Joy of honor. Bless onto his soul and glory, eternal power of the Lord onto our land, his inheritance, celebrate the day of salvation just begun for us, and for Your Creations, eradicate our sin to rejoice.’⁹ The festoons were stellar after the thousands years of cosmic lives, and these would inhabit eternally in the land of Cylarza, peace, unity, hope, the people were triumphant by getting over the death of their former king, who had given them the steady conformity, equality, and liberty, after the fights for the successful reconciliations and the negotiations. The festival for the coronation was taken place under the obvious assurance, as there was the one in his side, the master of the prophets, whose infallibility was in trust. However, the sun was onto the king, the light of celebration, yet, no, he needed more sleep, yes, Dhava, he did retrieve more, ‘Pardon you my wife, close the curtain for an hour.’ Unfurling veils over the windows in his chamber, these were his first sight at the beginning of the real day.

The hour of the coral firmament was too shy for the abbot, after the labour through the acrid field, as he peeped out from his recent burrow in the forest within the immediate proximity from his monastery, the craggy environment of the grotto told him about his effort that was totally fiasco as ever, for the herbs, the edible plants, walking among the shrubberies, if he had found as the offertory for the Mass to calm the vexation of nature, with the expectation of the bestowed healing on the corporeal. It was conducted without him on the day, and if he had been able to distribute the harvest to the participants, it would have been the morsel of assurance on their table... his decision could have been correct, as long as his mental status was expired for the previous attestation on the death, hence the physical practice for life, precisely the effectual second duty on him at the time. So that his legs were not the heavy steps to the oratory, even without the expected benefits, he would make delayed entry for the Mass, the hymns may have been chanted, Mora would be still there as she hadn't visited him in the forest, in her apron to cover her tunic, reservedly dumb, but to encourage his work by her wooden carafe, sometimes oil in it for his feet, she had begun these, after Dhava's death. Whether the sudden radiance could avoid the disturbance, as it was consistent with the every illumination inside, yet the door was hesitatingly ajar, as well as the utter tranquillity, as if nobodies were there. The crucifixion was looked downward for suffering, why didn't He gaze at them? And it was, indeed, not the blame on the Son, why there was no salvation, and nothing elapsed. The debris was there, the lying cowls, who had made gathering only by their pure faiths without any skirmishes, to be saved, the survived people and the prophets in the land, Ba-

ros, Jeth, presumably Echea, Zoa, and all the wicks having been held by them, had been extinguished by squeezing against the floor as their ends. The abbot found the sparkle among the bodies near the presbytery, as if it had been about to ascend the alter, and he had to see the face of Hagi with his clasp of the keys for the storage house to his chest, the silver ring of his duty to be the cross that would open the heavenly gate for them. Except the stain of vomit around his mouth, there was no difference from his familiar nap after the refectory, and the abbot wiped their lips with his fingers, for Gilad, Job, Yonatan, Samuel, Zakai..., finally he found the beautiful statue like on the pew, who kept praying in her crossed hands forever for Christ. It was Mora, yet he never confirmed, even in his circumcised body, the putrefaction of the Motherly was no need to be revealed, with her white scarf for a piece of communion bread that would have been brought to him with the carafe. The chalice was disguised on the sacramental table, nevertheless, the reality was felt by the abbot, as the libation, the requirement of death even on nature or the Father, and it had been shared by the attendances after the Almighty.

(9) Lebada The Thief

The attempt of his desperate effort since the abbot had felt the tenacious tepidity of their bodies, how the shadow was hovering over to recall their souls when their orifices were with moisture, and he met the squirrel that its corpulent tail was miserably mashed, not to give any fear, he sidled to it, 'Live with this land as you also received the Holy Spirit.' He transferred himself to his shadow from the solemn order of the dark blue above, the effulgent cosmos, and he acted within the shadow, which meant the shadow moved thus his body followed. He dominated the silhouette of the small by his, and at the moment of the stimulus gleam that changed the dark contours into the sheer off-white, the animal was escaped in bafflement, whereas the abbot felt severe sensation on his back. Rather the sense of predicament for the gradual infliction of anaemia than the sore part, moreover as the catalyst on the enfeebled, since the leaking fluid among his unobservable skin insinuated the urgency, he did need to be laid down, but there was nothing to mitigate the loss of human optimism. Whether he could awake once more, surrounded by the indigenous surfaces of the grotto, he was invited to the slumberous darkness, if the justice of God helped the animal's life, and it gamboled up the tree, the fare fancy even under the pain, every human may have been to overcome, the odd invigoration diminished the ache, and he closed his eyes with the obscuring sight of the exposed wall covered by the mould that was the

trail of the rivulet, the stream to relieve the wonderer's thirsts in the past. Then the benefit of the doze suddenly came to him, if there was the opportunity to live the old days, it could be during the dream to compensate the present, the freedom of soul, for the abbot as though his monk's saunter to inform for the time of their meals but the scapula or the cowl, instead, being clad in the worn-out hair shirt and the hard linen trouser, furthermore the one's palm had the exceptional power to eradicate all the discomforts, fabulously facilitated the physical functions. 'Great the power of you to be my awe, how was the cure vouchsafed in glory? The salvation is immediately required, I beseech your assistance.' The conscious of the abbot was certain to inquire the one, who emerged among the essence of every dimension if there was, between the reality and the illusion. 'I saw the vision of the ascending procession towards the governance of the Throne, thus there is no need to do for them, and only my duty in the name of the Sovereign, is to help you who are proceeding on the same way as Jesus, it is the orbital law that continues until the end by God. We are to walk quite a distance, and you shall quench your throat.' The guy rustled the fungus rills, and these were cleansed to make the water brook for the ladled hands of the abbot. 'Isn't this, The Tears of The Thief ? I have been searching for it for months, is the seed originally the mould?'

'It can be, and I suppose that The Thief is my heraldry beyond our time, I was called Lebada when I was on this earth, and when I made the plethora of gold, and I don't know how worthy they are, I lived the era of the Nazarene, having been born as the quarry slave until I visited the mercury pit that was no vice on me. The place was the hell for the oth-

ers, yet it was my treasure, and I acquired the lode stones, these magnetized powers attracted even the poisons substances to lead the most brilliant decay, the curious law of the earth, the highest quality of light was scattered from the entropy for their unity, and such hierarchy of the value is put by the words. Have you ever believed the life of the inanimate? Yes, they are like us that are soaked with desire, as they have the ears to follow the words of God. The elected materials by my hands were confidently on their aspired destiny to be the gold, as I had known the result of their change, they had already been the glittering materials in my soul on the equal phase to the future paralleled. After all, it was not difficult, by use of the apparatus connected by the tubes that were firmly fixed to maintain the most adequate temperature, as if it was anchored by my intention, the great exaltation of nature of a man for preservation, the defense of your lover from every envy, as she was the concocted solution by the corrosive acid, which burst out the odor of sulphur, if you betrayed her. From the alembic to the cucurbit, to be refined, and it was eventually sublimated into the Virgin who was in annunciation, Hosanna, He would come.' Lebada crooked himself onto the ground like the magi, who was celebrating the birth of Christ, and the precious stones rolled down from his palm, and sparked, 'When the Devil comes onto my Lord, throw these among the cliffs, it will pursue my creations until they arrive at the infernal void, and I shall seal it to pre-empt.' The Thief raised, the torrents of the gold stones from all of his openings, and the grotto was saturated with the fierce beams, but the abbot's eye lids were prohibited.

The shade of the penumbra was pale, and why were only the sacrificed three on the crosses shone at Golgotha, as if the sky didn't have the source of light, within the actual luminosity ? 'The Son...' As soon as the abbot found the crucified Christ, he attempted to be by the side of him, but the vision took the same distance as his move, to be far away from him. And there was the one who was next to the Nazarene, beyond the excruciating pain, with his belief in heaven, made the final communication with Him 'It is me, such misery of being, but if I am here to enter your Throne.' The Son had already lost the power to respond, and glimpsed the Thief, 'My suffering is finished.'

'My suffering is finished.' Lebada crossed his voice over himself, and after this manifestation, their burrow was aware in real. 'At the time, the blood gushed out of my wounds, the warmth of it, sarcastically, the iron substance for the Creation, my hands were nailed to lose it. My sacks had been filled with the gold, finally these had made the glittering river on the cobbled street in Jerusalem, and I had been traced for the arrest. They had tied me and called "The Golden Nazarene", but I had retaliated that the Nazarene had shone from the Above, thus the wooden plaque was set on my cross, "The Golden Bridled Thief". I was condemned to death under the sentence of the production without the imperial command, and the ploy to debauch the people, having endangered Jerusalem by the suspicion of the black magic. Furthermore, as they didn't know whether my visible wealth had been made within my power, which meant I had stolen the power of God.' Lebada continued the latter part of his story as if talking to his old friend, no rage, no regret, his words were the flurry plumes in the wind, and in fact, the abbot sometimes lost his sight of the Thief, and only the voices were heard. The abbot couldn't re-

member how long he had been unconscious, as well as how long Lebada had spoken about himself, but it had been as if the time, having spent in the cloister of the monastery with his monks, before the plague and the wars, as the bower used to be embellished with the petit flowers, Samuel had been away from the columns to observe the blooms, after he had enjoyed their short discussion, nearly at dusk, they had been shone by the yellow maroon. However, the nostalgic hue of the abbot's mind was changed to notice the raging fire of Mt. Ivy in the other side of the terrain, just as the two blazoned crosses were crushed to fight, regardless of their belief in the One, and Lebada embodied himself, 'Fire... the flame was my servant. Burn me, I will be alight, set me on fire, and I shall blaze over you, my final tantrum thrown to the soldiers was never accepted, but they spat me to say, "We shall rather pierce your skull by our lance for your humiliating Entry."' The Thief winced for the forceful laugh. 'You know, there is no fire on the Above, thus why is my reminiscence arisen in such a furious manner?'

When Mt. Ivy was about to be covered with the ashes, which the rigid surface had been since the ancient period, Atious II and his troops confronted with the ones, who had been leaping over the turbulent heat.

The army of Cylarza had been established, according to Gairas's envision, 'The opposite is Rydas, yet whether I can practically encourage the battle in this time.' In spite of the master's self dismissive attitude, Atious II had been unscathed. 'Your work has finished to be done well. You shall moan the ones for the fatal incident during the Mass. Ease your distress.'

'However, the Cylarza has lost quite the amount.'

‘That is the same as Rydas. Forgive the misery of the land in this famine, and these are hope to be enough for you.’ The sackful had been given to Gairas, who had slightly shaken it to clang the fifty sals, ‘Oh... ah... misery onto you, keep yourself, His Majesty. You are as if, returned to a child.’

‘I may be a child forever from your age, so excellent the master of the prophets with the treasure of knowledge, as if you are in hundreds of age.’

‘And I am so infant like, from Moses.’

‘I shall henceforth to be ready, there is no more meant on it than my appreciation. Keep these, and I shall speak to you after the battle.’

‘I am certain to follow your need.’

The thuds of the ruined plants, the immersed plods into the smoldering odors were taken in care, but not for their fears, the vanished maze existed to endorse the two, who were followed by the militia, the duke of Ozylarza and his commander. Rydas made declaration as his interrogation against the unresolved sorrow, 'God's Creation seemed to allow us either, having kept it or burnt it. The mist of this land had grown this Ivy for the thousands of years, but the torrid apocalypse assisted us to go advance, and the war had begun, why? I came here to fight with you along with the fate of this land and of me. I have lived with this land, yet Your Majesty, albeit you are the king, you are our sovereign, you have never lived with our people, moreover with this land. And you live with the prophecy. I shall prove ours against the power of you. This is my faith for life with truth, the truth that would survive.'

'I lost the prophets, there are none of them in this field, since I declined their master to participate in this battle, and you may know why I did as you had been my tutor of the tilting yard, but I might not know.'

'You used to doubt on your own moves.'

'To be correct, and now, we shall exhibit the moves to follow the words of God, which are never pronounced, the words for one body, for either death or not, for a moment. We fight by our voices of our souls inherited from the maternal love of the prophets and the severity of the soldiers for this land, and our souls, someday become infinite.' The trigger to seek for physical matter without end, though the arousal of their souls had already been in fight in the place against nobodies, Atious II's responses were definite proof for it.

These were as if only the inflamed air balls that forgot their own weights among the gravitational force, the two flails held by the both of the hands of the Ozylarza began to draw the storms, whizzing around, these were the result of the integrations between the muscles and the weapons, whose trained build of the spirit was absorbed into the materials, moreover the hypnotic effects on these, and the falchions with the gigantic blades were yet settled in their scabbards. As the agricultural tools, for instance, the huge mattocks, the axes, thrown by the Ozylarza, hit merely the edge of the shield of the Cylarza, to be aware the own virtue, it was broken into pieces, or unfortunate case, the soldiers were hurled away a mile next to next, the row of the men was compressed into the lump to fly, and crushed against the nearest tree fallen down as well, unless their lines exhibited the established avoidance in advance. Especially, the chained iron balls took lead for the Ozylarza, since their actions were almost all predictable by the Cylarza, they were required to protect themselves on every side of them without halt, it was the immortal betting within their limitations for the destinies, and the foreseen chances only by God, of the momentum, consisting the symmetry for the numbers of the casualties among them. The thing was frequently happened, when the flail was aimed down onto the Cylarza, as he hadn't been there before the arrival of the iron, but it was impossible to be altered the direction, yet too late for the Ozylarza to shift his attention towards another flail to attack, because the target had already been in situ next to the previous iron on the ground, and the Ozylarza found the splash of red flow from his compliant membrane. These spoke the definite fact that their abilities had been precisely for the defense on the innocents, and Rydas's ambition for his spiritual growth had been the stated duty for justice. Following the command of Gog, the Ozylarza

bounced down their flails in the middle of their deals, and as soon as the Cylarza jerked back by their steps, so did they whose swirling flails that were gradually away from the views of the Cylarza, for the enough distance to prepare the falchion and the iron lump with each of their single hands. However, the keen echo that couldn't be considered as the corruption of a mountain, went through all the soldiers, for a moment when one of the flails lost the control, and it bashed his fellow. His cuirass was fragmented, and it exposed the reality of the physical existence inside, as the remnant of the trained muscular shape, being consisted of the protruded bone structure under the skin, engraved into his constitution, which was because of the insufficient energy. As the situation was told to Rydas, he suggested the retreat, and after the temporal appeasement was made, there were many soldiers who broke down themselves, as if the withered leaves in the forest.

After all, the ruinous deprivation was endemic over the land, and if there was the meagre potential to mitigate their thirst and hunger, they did so beyond others. The lives with starvation, rummaging around the cities for all days, whether they were only exhausted or in death, the denizens of the lying bodies on the street, and some of them made difference rather than the lives of the hogs that were missing the troughs, and became the militia who believed none even God, under their consensus to acknowledge about the fact of this destruction, but their bereft of sanity was miserably bared, if the madness existed in where was without normality. They were not the recusants against the authority. They could be said as the ones who opposed to the weird fate, as their supremacy had already lost the control as well.

Rydas's mental degradation had been obvious since the battle. Was there the conviction of martyr in Ozylarza, after the cremation for the soldier who had been passed away by his fellow, it was when the cadaver was about to be buried, the one of the guards in ligature for his arm came to the duke, 'As the sun was running yesterday for seconds, I shall be bestowed the rewards of wheat. Atious I had done so for my father having avowed, and your predecessor as well. When the sun set, I sit for dine, and the sun rises, once more, I sit for my meal as I sit in front of you, now.'

'I saw the repugnant star in your eyes. Is it for such that your cataract did influence what you mentioned? Nevertheless, you shall not forget the fear of God to abuse His move.' All the attendants were daunted by the duke's irritation, except the one with the inferior hand, 'Yes, my lord, I fear, I fear enough your golden armors, because it is shining.'

'So, I can know your fear, yet how do you fear nothingness, if God is nothingness?'

'If so, I don't fear nothingness as God is nothing.' Rydas's falchion reflected against the red sun, and the head of the guard was rolled over the gravelly ground.

Since the time, the duke was sedentary on the chair in the yard for all of his days, and continued to observe the shadows of him and of the wooden frame seat. His decanter was brought by Gog.

'It was peculiar to see, though I never moved on these frames, the shadows jerked for today.'

‘It may, my lord, be the shadow of mine to attend before you for this,’ the commander poured the water into the cup.

A few days later, Rydas called for his commander, but he didn’t attend. The well-established body that had never ever been emaciated by any fatigue, unwieldily stood and took trudge to his chapel. The floor of the sacred place cooled his mind, and one candle lit for Christ on the cross. ‘You made the world by a word, but every word that is said to be from you, corrupting our world, and you made the sun.’ Rydas’s falchion impaled into his throat, and the cruciform was only the witness.

(10) The End Of The Land

For the abbot's anxiety on the land, Lebada proposed the reconnaissance, and vanished for his rapid undertaking, whereas the rebelled soldiers got into the Doctor's workshop and began their interrogation about the entrance of the secret pass. 'Nowadays, your amphora is said to be carried with the diseased body, for the sacrifice, as if it is the body of somebody who still lives, and we shall know the details of it as well as we need the bodies.'

Just as they attempted to torture him, Lebada came in his dazzling body, he made bulwark against them, by the reflective power of mirror like, every attack was sent back onto the rebels, and did the enlightened shield itself emit the beam to burst out the different picture space, there were only the Thief and the Doctor during the idyllic peaceful day. Eupolous was sitting on the rocking chair, he enjoyed the chirps of the birds in the comfortable lukewarm afternoon dream, the sun shining throw the window among the hedges outside. After the moment of hesitation, whether Lebada would disturb his composure, he decidedly spoke to Eupolous. 'God's justice doesn't suffer you who cured a lot. I was not invited to heaven by God, but by the men to send me to hell, as well as you, and as well as my hands as yours, have we had a morsel of fruit from the tree of Eden?'

‘Ah... am I dreaming the legendary Thief? I know him, when God’s wrath had destroyed the quarry, it had been in years of yore before you were born, my ancestor and yours had caused the feud that had been the most of their stupidity and their wisdom, while everyone had been in ugly conflict for the lode stone, they had worried about the clay slips that had contained the high quality of mineral enough. Even in my generation, my uncle told me that since the Thief had gained too much, God may have foreseen him. Sorry for you, but for us the children, you were the hero for your charitable distribution of gold, if my memory was correct. However, I am too drowsy to discuss about it today.’

When Lebada noticed the involuntarily raised finger of Eupolous, and it indicated nearly where it was hidden, sooner than this, the strong refulgence was discharged from the Thief, and the two were merged into the essence of light. After a lapse of dizzy sensation, there was the Doctor alone in the delicate sway but his breath, and the response of the Thief still reverberated, ‘No, that was for my pleasure to see.’

The wooden cover on the floor was discovered, the soldiers submerged into there, and it was closed. The magnetized lock structure that was made of the loadstones, was clicked by itself, hence the labyrinth of the secret capillaries was impossible to be opened from the inside.

On his return, Lebada informed of the abbot who prostrated on the ground, which was the geometrical curvilinear shape, the complete flat, as the evidence of the law to beg the Omniscience, and the necessity to be the part of the soil, so that the ritual connoted the cosmological formula of souls. 'The outside is in danger thus all of whom you concern are in the Palace within the secure fortress.' The abiding power of the Father to the sovereign that the abbot had been praying, and he could confirm about Gairas who was with the king after his escape from the catastrophic event in the oratory.

Although they visited the Palace, the castle guard refused their demand as the king had the private meeting with the master, just two of them, nobody intervened, and he changed his position to pull back himself more under the arch of the footbridge, since the weather became inclement. 'It means, nature of the Creator is not for Gairas.' The abbot was to be alone in the Palace hill, and he insisted to Lebada, for his belief in justice, for his obedience to His Father, the Almighty would attest with his crosier. The Thief looked up the dark clouds, the abstemious droplets were caught by his palm, which were contaminated by the powders of the earth. 'Bizarre, where Your Son lived, the above is still appallingly luminous, but the down pouring vile.'

The inner sanctum had enough ray for the master and the sovereign, but as the dignity of the commencement, the king lit the candelabra and posed himself along with the wall to deal with Gairas.

‘This night shall be the full moon, and you were not to be neither missed nor in delay, but Your Majesty, you took little late.¹’

‘I arrived in delay but you spoke. And I am correct as this night is losing the body, shall His cry as the rumble, the beginning of His roar?’

‘Yet, I am in time.’ The outside flashed, the master’s cheek slightly fidgeted.

The abbot was at the top of the mount, and heightened up his crosier, the white smoky serpent was absorbed into the sky, until it fell back into the stick when he tapped the ground with it. Finally, he leveled at the moon that was almost behind the clouds, and the sudden thunderbolt discharged over the hemisphere.

Gairas moaned for his regret, ‘When God is in wrath, the voices of the cherubim are hard to be perceived, and I know that this land is exhausted. Do you suppose to rest the land, His Majesty? Indeed, the words from the Bible is dedicated to you, “He that plows should plow in hope, and he who threshes in hope should be the partaker of his hope”².’ Atious II gripped his javelin under his mantle, and pretended to speak the words that had been prepared beforehand, his mouth moved slightly without his continuous lips, instead, the king threw the blade at the center of Gairas’s chest, a lapse of the final accusation before it penetrated into the master.

‘Treason!’

The steaming atmosphere was the doom, when the demise of the precipitation satisfied nothing, and these should have been rather nothing. The febrile lanterns were encroaching towards the Palace, the drawbridge was established, so that Lebada took swift gush to where the abbot was, and as he expected, the militia was calibrating the distance to him by their steps. The Thief revealed his torso, under the coarse shirt, which there was the lump as if the exposure of the defective Creation attached to him, these entangled black veins were translucent to be imagined what it contained. It was the first time for him to feel itching since he had been in mortal, even though it had been the receptacle for all the toxic exertions during the alchemical process, such as mercurous fume, and it burst out to be the violent fluid rivers flown onto the blots of the flames set by the dissidents. The noxious inhibition against their advance, smearing soreness of their windpipes to the inner lungs, then spasmodic asphyxias, except the two who were encrusted in the corrosive smoke, it was contrastingly luminous where was engulfed, and the abbot assured their farewell, 'Were I finally imploring to be fulfilled, I plead for the oracle of the place for the resolution of the souls in glory.'

'My poor idiot girl solely visited the castle near Golgotha, and she was held by the castle guards, she entreated them to let me free as she brought all the tinctures that I had given her. There was no attention paid, but she was shackled underground, whereas I had already been on the cross. I acquainted with her after I entered Jesus's Throne. Even though the decades went by, her demise was the rickety skull abandoned in the jail, I have never been confused, since I can feel her being always with me whenever I have the soul on her. Hence, the incarnation is not my wish. On the ones' commemoration, if it was offered me, you shall see

the silver dove with the golden feathers that is my magnum opus left on the earth, yet the abode is unknown. It has utterly the splendor constituents kept imperfect, as the proof of their internal selves, every substance is made of the material by the Creator's hands, and these are communicable, by their response to elucidate the process of the salvation from the sins, by the Omnipotence, anyhow the conviction for the theft is not adequate on me. Go your way, as it is your way! The one is for you, another is for me.' As if the two radiant rods in the mutual intimacy to make intersection to be upright, besides another was in smooth flat stream, the intangible particles without end, these were attested by the Thief, who was without wonder to be conveyed by the energy against the gravity, flinging himself away beyond the sprinkled stars, but the horizontal golden flow ushered the abbot to the Promised Place.

On the next day, the debilitated sun exposed as ever, until the noon, within the eerie tranquility that ridiculed Atious II as the mockery of life, whether he had been only in naughty nightmare that the land had been perniciously ill, yet, realistically the placid reflection of the evergreens on the timid ripples, the neighboring meadows, the hay for the asses, and the dears came with their sucklings to quench, furthermore on the foot path, the coaches were resounding, getting on it to make visit to the monks' farmstead, for their stools, aroma of spice and the herbs, the people saluted to hail the king.

He went through the hall of the Palace between the Sixth Hour and the Ninth Hour, why was it pretty dim, where was the daylight? And he stumbled for the armor, with the abhorrent sensation on his toes, 'Daniel?' The bronze revealed the contours of his commander's visage, whose eyes were crushed, though it was covered with the muddy blood, the bal-

anced stalwart muscular profile, indeed, belonged to him, presumably, having been hit against the bricks by himself as the terminus residuary vigor of the commander, in order to hide the identity of the corpse for his duty to protect the king, even after his death as if he was still in life.

Creaky opening to the courtyard, the perished plants before the king, and he paused at where had been destined, yet by his intention, only for the temporal halt, while he was in search for the commander who might have been also looking for his sovereign. For the living Daniel, for the living people, for the living Cylarza, then the sudden sunburst, and the ground cracked, the sky was trembling, or the groaning soil, was it shaking? Had Gairas already envisioned this, or by the king himself? The fortress of the yard began the corruption towards Atious II, but he merely made effort to contemplate what he could do, whether he had to meet the one, if he was not inert.

Chapter I-II / 597AD-Before 633AD

(1) Rescue / 597AD

The celestial dark blue, in the mantle of the impressive scrupulousness of the constellations, but these innumerable periods of lives in the pristine air far above, frugally irradiated after the destruction, it was not showy magnificence until the recovery from the chaos, the entropy of the deaths and the wreckages, thus so did the trace of his sigh, there was only the briny whisper from the tide on the seashore.

The two barques arrived to the sand, and the approximately scores of the soldiers from Rome stepped into the land, by the herald of the one of them, consequently the three in cowls appeared on the bridges of the vessels, surrounded by the staunch metals, yet the silver rosary with his cowl could have been distinctive even from the areal view. The shimmering trajectory from his cross via the moonlight, definitely indicated the place for the Promise, 'The force is still certain, move!' The swift spurs were as if there were no minds on the heavy garments who followed.

The archbishop of Cylarza had been losing temperature from his body until it reabsorbed the warmth from somewhere, which was by the resuscitating organic immunity to heal, he could obtain the life. 'Arise and drink, arise and drink.' The archbishop confirmed that there were the other two, additionally to the one who had made the words to him whose face in beard rough expression, and his eyes brimmed with grace. 'The Servant of our Father, Gregory the Great, the papal communication made us

from Rome to this land, the Promised land of Cylarza until the end was fulfilled. I, Augustine being followed by Laurentius in our holy brethren with Peter the monk to give the days for you, for the deliverance of the sins in the world by your sorrow.' The fragile arid lips wore the dews from the phial, and the efficacy eradicated all of his painful fatigue.

(2) Gregory The Great 595AD-596AD

The reputable rumors about the land of Britain among the Christians in the cities of Rome, were also felt by Gregory, therefore his evangelical aspiration was at zenith during the period. Crossing the sea, there was where Christianity was immature, but no terrible persecution ever had happened, the wealth of green on the soil, the plentiful opportunities for their faith. The prophets in Byzantine conversed that there would be the land, the one who would know by looking up the heavens, the sin of fruits coming bottom onto him, but in this future time, there would be bestowed from God, the human ability more better towards better for the kingdom on the earth to reveal the law of nature, the land may have already seen their goal by their eyes for the bright firmament of the sea, and the people maintained their awe by their souls, and celebrated the benevolence of the Creation.

Gregory himself had ever once, met the ones from Britain. The disguised Gregory as a monk, walking among the commercial street in the town near Rome between the earlier to the middle of the 590's, when Rome had also suffered from the menacing events, apparently the apocalypse would have come, whether God had been determining the end before the infinity. And he had been in lament evacuating from the center of Rome, but the Lord had not forgotten to bestow His tender hope onto our beings.

The abundant markets, the merchants' voices had been powerful enough in slightly husky manner, the masses of the customers' queues for their evening tables, yet the songs of the angels had been distinctive throughout the thoroughfare to navigate Gregory to the fishmongers. He had bent his body as his accompaniment to the two choirboys for sale, to enquire, 'Pray for me to intervene your hymns for the grace to be praised, to magnify the Above, the children to see God by your pure soul, such the ones, where is the sovereign of your lord?'

'Sir, to follow the voices of seraphs, and cherubs for the Ark of God, we came from Rome, yet we were Albion born, the British island where of the protector of the humble, the land of Ethelbert, sir, and fish is fresh as in the pond.'

'Alleluia, His bless on to you, the grace is to be manifested, again by your celestial voices.'¹

As if the order from the heavenly governance had been assisting Gregory for the day, there had been no difficulty for him to find the dark skin of the same colored cowl hanging down on his back, the revealed face had been glimmered with the evangelical ambition amid the flowery precinct, who had been enclosed by the crowds, and the guards with the shields to prevent the thrown bottles and bread at him. Gregory could have listened to him in distance because of his remarkably resonant echo, incredibly against what he had spoken, or the most appropriately. 'God's predestination is not for the benefit of your arrogance. It can't protect yours, because there is no such thing. The Father only foresees the end, regarding what we do. If people live in faith and righteousness, He prepares the good end for you. However, you, the people blame everything on Adam's sin, but it is not for the excuse for your

own sins, it is only you to make own sins. Live in faith, discover the faith and you know the justice of God.' One of the mob had agitated the preacher, 'My will can't work without bread, I am starving for three days!'

'Why didn't you ask for it to the guy next to you, who threw it at me just before?' As soon as the monk had answered, the guard standing beside him, with the bread having been flung, had given it to him whose head that had been about to be covered to leave the place, and they had made the way for him. However, the female beggary who had sat on the ground with the infant, had spoken to the monk, 'My child is without sin, my sin is not on him.'

'Will the child do the same as me, when he is grown?'

'He will, in the name of Jesus, I swear to God.' The monk had put the bread on her oblong straw.

Gregory who had been observing the things, had persisted in his summon, and his servant had replied, 'Our source is certain, thus you are very fortunate as you could meet the genuine of him. The monk, called Pelugusian, always wears the hood to hide his face in the gait of humility, his eyes onto the ground, except when he is in public to preach. Furthermore, there are many under the cowls, who call themselves Pelugusian all over the cities near Rome, as well as they make distinction among each other by the names of the well-known apostles.' Of course, Gregory had already been recognized about him for his boisterous gossip, who had been Carthage origin, but his ancestors had sailed to Britain with the Romans before the Saxons, and whenever Gregory had ever thought about the land as the next episcopal hope, he couldn't have separated himself from Pelugusian, subsequently the opportunity was some years

after, when he met with Augustine, as the condition of Rome was recovered.

Although the settlement against the Persians, as well as the areas near the Danube were the perspective beacon for the Romans, whether Constantine's golden liberal city resurrected, or the recovery of Byzantine, Pax Romana would come again, the fact was that the present was not the past. 'Our Lord, Maurice's heavenly power is giving the opportunity for Christianity, to get on the shore of Britain over the pagan Saxons in their rigid belief. Their ambitious minds were, indeed, the seed of the suffering of Rome at one time, but if it is considered to be for the benefit of life and soul towards the conformity, it can be more optimistic.' Gregory offered Augustine the work of mission to Britain, by the letter to tell him that the sacred toil, with the expectation on his earnest faith that would be performed, and the promise to be assisted from the Omnipotence, had already begun, then Augustine summoned.² Nonetheless, he was concern about the other land where was located in the south from Rome, being called Cylarza, and their monastery to be saved, approaching Gregory that if Rome required the ecclesiastical truth, the interference was prerequisite. The religious liberalism of Cylarza between Christianity and Paganism had been profoundly auspicious, thus the pagan Saxons could be converted by the idea of their way. Gregory replied for the necessity to be speculative about Cylarza as the land was unyieldingly confined by the natural force, but he ordered Augustine to prepare for it with Pelugusian, thereafter the Roman bishopric notary of Augustine under the name of Gregory, issued the interdiction against the public sermons by whomever called themselves Pelugusian, in all over the episcopal lands.

A few days later, the restricted monk and his followers visited the basilica where Augustine was there for the Ninth Hour. Unexpectedly, he was alone, yet in the vestments for the altar, with his golden miter to appreciate the salient authority, and he bid for Pelugusian's guards to retire as he also took off his own rosary and the episcopal ring, by his declaration, 'I shall ordain you as a monk.'

'I can't be your monk, as I haven't already existed.'

'You speak like me.' Augustine's rhetorical rapport was swept away, 'I don't have words for you, I don't accept these as words, since you have suppressed my will to speak, I speak with necessity and by my will. I never possess the words under the cowl, as well as I am not Pelugusian under the cowl. The light shines and you fulfill, that is the way by your "just cause" under the sun.'

'The cause... perverted from the way of God to the end. You speak in your will of necessity, speak the words as the Creator to create, your words of letters like the serpents.'

The novice was becoming aware that he was completely under the control of the scarlet cape by the uttermost effective method to instruct, which was to induce the pronouncement from the apprentice, who was loyal to his will, and he followed it, 'The faith is not shown by the visible serpents, and not by the serpents.'

'The words lead the people towards faith and justice, and these save and these kill. The holy apostles have never ever spoken without their will for faith, thus for invisible faith and for God. To fulfill God's will.' Augustine's victorious smile, and this was the systematic routine of the elocution in the promise of truth behind, tie the knot, if you could, but

the tie was sluiced to be straight as if you had only fiddled with the chimerical entanglement. Pelugusian the monk, bent his knees to solicit, 'Show your justice in your faith, as if you live of their times.'

'If you follow my way of justice.' When the elder gave his answer, he had already dealt with the credence for the frankincense, and the monk could see his back.

(3) Gregory The Great In The Earlier Of 597AD

Gregory's difficult agony was completely relied on his white tunic, if this eternal color of the Purification described the Trinity, the death would someday, once overwhelmed him, but ultimately it would usher him to where was neither in darkness nor light. Although his physical body was continued to be in discomfort, he never depreciated the annoying constitution of his body, anyhow the oratory was too cold for him.

One day, the emissary that had been for the diplomacy with Carthage, delivered the small tincture to the Pope, and the messenger briefly explained what had been happening in Cylarza, 'Lebada appeared, who had been permitted to enter the Throne, to open the way of Jesus for His end during the turmoil of the eras. The sacred Thief is said to be ordered when the angles blow the sounds.' While the ominous notice should have been second to none, the immersing relief from his mouth to belly, correspondingly the mollification of the constrained muscles and the flesh, were prioritized by Gregory, as soon as he took the phial of medication, moreover his homage on the eminent artist as well as the physician Dr.Eupolous, 'Belief in his corporeal power by the Omniscience, his hands healed the others, and he may have the duty for the time to come.' With his gratitude for the swaddling sackcloth journeyed the distance, having begun from Ozylara, he made his ordinance to secure the pregnant woman Natasha, at the same time to examine the density of the haze around Cylarza.

During the night, the ardent candles from Gregory's scriptoria were visible enough from the moat of the citadel, where he was always there to be remote from the papal official work, and in this opportunity for his private letters, after the time for the Lauds, these were completed. The two notes were inscribed for his beloved sons of the Father, by their grace, by their justice, for the fulfillment of duty, in order to obtain the eternal salvation for the souls.¹

(4) The Seashore Of South East England (After Rescue)

The somber attitude of the night enchanted the waves that woke up onto the shore, and the Servants were four. The recovered archbishop was able to grasp the soaking force under his feet, his steps onto the sands. It was nearly the ten left in the Southern England after the bow not to be yet the meeting in heaven for their next, and the sails were going to be dwindled away from them.

‘Peace to this house, peace to this house, Holy, Holy, Holy, from Rome to this land, by the order of Graced Pope Gregory, in the name of the Almighty, our Father, peace to this house.’ Augustine had altered his vestments to the silk farraiolo, the damask miter on his head to exhibit that they were not the ordinal guests, and shortly after, the flipping open to peep at the visitors, and the latch was unlocked. ‘Thanks be to God, holy grace, such people from the Sovereign, we never know, how long, how long we have waited for you.’ The austere meals were on the table for their coziness, ‘It was nearly for a couple of century, our people had to be patient. However, these days, Queen Bertha’s mercy is also very well bestowed on our Catholic monks. We pray for her as the Virgin Mary from the Franks that St. Irenaeus in Gaul and St. Martin bloomed the ecclesiastical minds.’ The Superior of the monastery where the Augustine had just arrived, found the words for himself in humiliated manner, to tell the story of their ancestors required back to his heart. ‘Liudhard of Kent as the chaplain for the queen, visits our place every month.’ After he or-

dered his monks to lead them to the dormitory, he mentioned. They had accommodated the Augustine until the herald from the Palace visited them.

(5) Grace: The Palace Of Ethelbert

Their coach was transferred before the gateway, and the window curtain of the second vehicle slightly made crease for the nervous smile to be caught by the Augustine. Liudhard was younger than they had expected, 'Is he in the same age as our monk Peter?' Augustine thought. Liudhard in the black zucchetto and the cassock with the violet cincture, tried to break the sluggish manner of their first meeting. 'Our lord Ethelbert is not the cabalistic origin, but his willful belief is dissolved, only for his permission on our Queen's Christian practice.'

'His River Humber hopes to be flown tenderly also for us.' Augustine's humor for their comical thrill, and every accompaniment was mutually affectionate each other as if the way of God had already been proved.

Since Liudhard excused himself behind the portcullis to make official presence for their attendance, the Augustine were invited by the castle guards, and as soon as they had the view, which was the arranged throne in the quadrangle, covered by the arcade roof in the open air to the clear sky, there were the fountains in the two corners, significantly that the cruciform was set according to the queen's request, the hospitality of the ruler, who engraved the sparkling gem stones in his robe as the virtue of his province, was enough perceived, moreover the jewels conveyed the parables of the Old Testament, these were intended to impress their indigenous conformity. The precaution was thought to be taken only by the

one, the fully covered face with the glittering mask except his eyes fixed, looking straight, as if he had the power to pierce the things, and he was next to the king for his protection. Liudhard sat one step down from his sovereign, and the guests were to find that he usually had the wig.

The center towards the main, the approximately seven of the Augustine walked through by the middle and genuflected to the cross, but the other three advanced to the foot of the king, Augustine faced to Ethelbert of Kent on his seat, with the archbishop of Cylarza and Laurentius all bent their knees. Augustine's voice echoed, 'By the promise of plentiful eternity that is certainly made onto this land, hymns of our soul to bless the joy and the truth in heaven, which we are intending henceforth to save your sovereign.'¹ The response was made by Queen Bertha, 'Hymns of eternal heaven for our people to be the joy of lives. The Servants from the Papal Rome, for bestowing our pasture, the sacred Shepherds, welcome to this land.' All the attendances raised their bodies, and their pectoral staffs were held, yet Augustine alone lowered himself onto the floor among 'Gloria'² sung by them, ensued genuflections once more by all the ones, except the archbishop of Cylarza who chanted 'Troparion'³, and as soon as his voice was begun, one dove came into the yard to perch on the collar of the Corinthian pillar by the side of the throne. Augustine raised his face, and reflected the silver rosary through the sun to be shimmering on the foot of the main steps. At the moment when the dove rested its wings on the position that was indicated, hundreds of the silver doves with the golden feathers arrived to fill the sky, flying over above the yard, subsequently, Augustine's epistle for their witness of the descending Spirits, and it would dwell on this throne.⁴ 'Holy in all of His mercy, turning away His wrath from the world and from His Holy

House, every sin shall be redeemed.' Ethelbert took breath to offer, 'Thanks be to your fair promise beyond the sea from the Sovereign, every new belief and truth carried by you have been unsure for me, yet. However, the beneficial souls of yours might be the sign of the flourishing peace in our whole nations. What can we offer you, whatever you require, these are bound to be fulfilled. Take your residence in Canterbury as the beginning of your grace onto our people.'⁵ The king's commitment was appreciated, and all the divine offices for the preachers in their new world were conducted with the great liberty.

The twilight of South England was exactly what it had been said among the people of their fatherland, the crosses and the bells, the dawn of the ecclesiastical truth was established.⁶

(6) Liudhard

His decent delicacy, daintily fastidious aspect of his belief, the chaplain Liudhard was always with the whiff of fragility as Jesus Christ, but all the people could know, the mind of His forlorn fortitude had been derived from it, and unperturbed bearing of the chaplain exposed only the languid flesh of his, when Augustine made his visit, for Liudhard's attempt to be upright and to pull the blanket, Augustine interrupted his excess courtesy for the sick to be unconcerned. 'I can't participate at all.' His diminutive whisper, but it was presumably sufficed by telling of the dream-like story about the time to come after their epoch.

Only one month later, the procession was made for the chaplain, the bier was slowly moved to the cliff where the separation was merely by the neighboring sea from the homeland of the body, the candles and the torches by his many followers for the Vigil to celebrate the entry of Liudhard into heaven.

With the soul of the deceased, while Augustine sailed to Arles, whose coffer that contained the portion of the relic of the chaplain, as the place was well familiar with his home, the archbishop of Cylarza was required by Ethelbert for his queen, who continued to be fasting even after the ascension of Liudhard. The archbishop offered Bertha the phial that had been for his recovery at that time, yet it had not already been fresh, thus all the remnant was sprinkled over the queen's chamber, consequently

Dr. Eupolous's legacy worked, again, her maidens were pleased to assist their queen to saunter the peristyle court.

Augustine returned with the title of the archbishop of Canterbury, and in this settled opportunity, Laurentius and Peter the monk went back to Rome to inform of Gregory the brilliant accomplishment hitherto, whilst these days, the archbishop of Cylarza was spending his time in the scriptoria of the monastery where was the memorable residence for him as the place, having stayed soon after their first landing onto England.

It had been approximately six years gone by since the day of the initiation, Augustine visited the archbishop of Cylarza to tell him the message from Gregory, as if the Servant of the Servants, the Holy Pope to orate how he had lived for truth and charity, his obedience to God, the eternal Creator for joy and peace, then he followed to walk in the way of the Father, his white robe was dissolving into the shower of radiance embraced by the clouds like the sighs of the angels, it was too strong for our ocular corporeality to look.¹ Augustine spoke in relaxed manner in his fellow's room. 'You sing by your soul, sweetly enough, and I feel that the invisible truth may be attested by the voices as yours, and the serenity is to come onto me, keep in your heart, God shall be always with you.'²

When the opening ceremony of the basilica in Canterbury, which had been planned and constructed at Augustine's behest, was held, there were no ones to see him, instead, it was led by Laurentius who was the new archbishop of the land, being accompanied by the monks, yet Peter was not there as he had persisted in staying Rome, as their report to Gregory several years ago. In the final of the ceremony, the archbishop of Cylarza

sang 'Theotokion'³, and the innumerable followers who filled the oratory crooked their bodies onto floor to hide their streaming tears.

There was the other appreciation, and it was said to be around 605 AD, the year of Ethelburg to be born, whose chubby cheeks were the inexplicable jubilation for Bertha her mother, but the queen was rather in desolation as well, since both Augustine and the archbishop of Cylarza were not there to bless the infant, whenever she saw her daughter's precocious growth, especially in terms of learning the Bible, the wistful sentiment came up to her, as if Ethelburg was the reborn of Liudhard, and if the two Shepherds would have accompanied her pristine soul on the epistles... And why had the child been under such care, on her visit to the basilica in Canterbury with her mother, Laurentius and the taciturn monk had taught the girl about their Promise, until the newly ordained king Edwin of Northumbria made oath of their eternal love with her, and pleasantly accepted her belief, hence the divine grace without end.

It was not only during the era of Edwin, but our history always imposed the profuse requirements on the mortal bodies. As Edwin attempted to be in search for, among nothingness, his living soul was in tangible ethereal solely by his heart, but not to release the door of heaven, for the magnificent Almighty to give each person the body of life as a form, because it had already been always in the attestation of nature, such granted justice by Him. The king decided to take rest for tonight, and extinguished the candle. Many churches were also in the Northern England, and the crosses on the roofs the crescent behind, which belonged to the universe, these were looking at the windows of his Palace, the wick was still, the light for tomorrow, and the dreaming king's face.

History was told by the words, about the established living moments.

Chapter II / In 1875



(1) One Winter Weekday In 1875:I

‘They have already been familiar with him ...’ And they had always lived for him somewhere of their minds in the era, as well as fully, exactly according to their motto, flourishing the minds as the gift from God, thus He was within you.¹ The smoke of the steam uplifted to the celestial atmosphere, and would it become cloud? Yes... or rather not. The physical mind was going to be visible in the future, and it was hoped to be as the calming zephyr in the spring that would come, for making tiny plants in his garden. The beauty of mind, yes certainly, the people were vivacious enough on the stubborn iron vehicle, called ‘steam engine’, to the seaside where God had created for us. The truth of conformity was found these days, but their age of youths... had fought for the spiritual achievement by the theory and logic, even away from the pragmatic thought, it could have been converged.

Newman was in search for the thing for the next year, the Bible conference in America, as the letter said, ‘We are becoming very quiet for the faith.’ And it requested to send the resource about English Christianity. Although Newman believed that he had never made mistake when he had unequivocally selected the way for the one certain belief in Roman Catholic nearly 30 years ago, he liked the attitudes of the new country, liberty and freedom of Christianity, thus they may have been felicitously distinctive between the liberty and the freedom. ‘For the second coming of Christ, we shall like to prepare in our best.’ The letter continued. The legacy of

Wesley and Wilberforce was said to be especially popular in America. Newman began to move his body as he had to prepare, but Robert's physiognomy that was conjured up in his memory was exactly as his father Wilberforce, reticently burning soul of the scion for the agon, His best end, at the time of their first meeting in the conference room of university, Keble as their mutual fellow, he had impressed so.

Robert's father and Wesley, their attestation with the system of life, their accusation against the venerability of righteousness, if the faith was for truth, his inquiry might have begun, whether the truth was such difficult to be discovered, then after the revelation, the faith was for human proclivity to justify their own sin. The son had been evidently the one of the legacies of the Evangelical Movement in the earlier of the 1820's. If the person's duty was accomplished, and the one still had the second, his father may have been like Robert, because at that time, the Oxford members who had gathered in university had been in the most of their acme to climb up towards the peak of the bona fide for the pursued soul, and they had learnt from their predecessors, having also proved for humans to have own truth to justify the limitations. Newman thought, then, to what extent had he achieved for that? He was getting on his seventies, he lived longer than Keble who had been the one for the divinity of art, by will of man, and his belief in the spiritual miracle through his verses on nature, correspondingly the life that had been consisted of the days for God, with his knowledge of the physical mind of the universe, moreover Robert had once praised of Keble, why people had never ever abandoned Catholics, because of the ecclesiastical mind like him. Newman glimpsed, turning away his sight to the bookshelves, and it was there, as Keble's established conformity between human and God, it

might have been his light of the Trinity, who had experienced the corporeal life in this world, of 'their' Church of England, which was Newman's expression, then.

In England of those years, before the people had begun to talk about the accession of the new queen, in the air of upcoming regeneration, in the later called the Tractarian, the central members of Oxford Movement, Newman, Keble and Pusey had been gradually intensifying their evangelical inquisitions, under their notion that the words for civilization and God, these had existed to be actualized by our souls and bodies. 'How shall we live?' It might have been the reduction from the period of the Enlightenment, the gains and the losses of their lives, the strayed minds had, once again required the shepherds for their pasture.

Had there been the day for the dawn, the sun had been also incessantly there for the final day of their gathering. The cause to be penitential, Pusey's disparagement for the reliance on the humiliated confession had often impressed Newman, as if it had been postulated merely a day before. 'If there was something more that we should have discussed...we may have ...', but Newman affirmed to make his utterance, as if the excuse of his repentance, since he didn't regret at all.

At the time, Cardinal Newman, he had just become this title, and he had looked far away where the rest of the road of his life would have spread, among his two old fellows. 'That is correct, when it comes, the unknown end and the unknown beginning, also being known about these.' However, there was the impish constrain to halt his thought, the rustled sound from the outside, and he went to the windowsills, for the eagle on the branches, which may have caused the accumulated snow fallen from

them. He laughed, just as he whimpered the words, 'An eagle for our century.' He continued to search for the thing in his room.

(2) One Winter Weekday In 1875:II

The ones with their wings could discover the pinnacles, but for the men without these, the spirals of the ecclesiastical buildings that were increasing, were as if infinitely pointing the Highest, the mirage of human dream was led by the sensitive erection to heaven, indomitably more higher, nearer to the mind of the eternal Omnipotence, keep your ideal soul, dearest to the future progenies, and these were, in fact remaining. When the time for the nation would come again, the obvious promise would exhibit the incorporeal space by the physical materials, and experiencing the House of the Father by the living bodies, with the comprehension on the truth of history. All these were completed with the rigorous rules, the law of nature. Liberty? No, during the creation, there was no such luxurious, but to establish the freedom of soul in zenith for all, by visiting the Holy Habitat. Nothingness was defined as none within it, nothingness didn't exist at all, but in more realistically, what could we feel within the light? And what could we see between the crucified figure of Christ and you in oratory? It was to be visible in unobservable part of the space.

By means of the indirect agent, but Newmans' mutual collaboration with the members of the neighboring brethren in Cambridge, told the story, who had been evoked to pursue the duty for the creed, under their master Wilberforce, for the direction to the new era that had just been commenced by Queen Victoria's throne. The secretary of the Camden soci-

ety, Neale's published book about the construction had advanced the readers, being accompanied by the popularity of the reputable architect Pugin whose eyes and hands of elegance and sensitivities had been continuously making the sacred buildings. Not only after the work had finished, but also the people had gathered around the fields of creation, as if they had listened to the hymns and the psalmodies sung by the builders, to see how the salient bodies to be founded, and becoming the features of the ideal nation. Neale's persistency with the local resource and masonry, these had been reasonable and suited well the breath of the soils. Under the sun for every day, the workers had been laboring, to connote the eternity by the repetitive, incessant arrangements of the beams, engravings, and so forth. 'The sowing in the sun, the prayer in the evening for prosperity.' Newman had also preached among the people in the crystal air of winter, and the severe season had relieved shyly, but tenderly.¹

By his recall about the era, he was affected as if he obtained the clue where it was. Had it ever been from him?

When Newman had been informed the current condition about Pugin, who had been planning the legendary site, their private meeting had been followed. The sea wind from the shore of South England, whistle like, 'Peace to this house, peace to this house, Holy, Holy, Holy', the seagulls flying over the sky, Newman had been in the silent gait, alongside the little exhausted shoulders of Pugin, who had worn the mantle. The birds had been resting their feathers in the amicable expressions, quite rapport with them. Had they known the one? And, had they given him what he was in search for the day?

Whether it had been optimistically as the consequence of assimilation, the decay may have been often experienced as long as the things,

having begun according to the urgent necessity of the time. As the Tractarian had been separated, the Camden had also changed their name to be within the regional management.

Tomorrow was not good to be outside, since the thawing floor would cause the difficulty, but it was enough affordable for Newman to wait for their discussions about the letter from abroad, with his old brethren. If Newman's memory was correct, the latest access to the Camden may have been, again by sociable Keble whose personality hadn't been changed even before his death. It had been in the opportunity of Keble's final sermon, surrounded by the Wilberforce followers. Everybody had said, 'When Keble was standing in front of the gate to the Holy Throne, he spoke about the fear of the Above. It was as the days of Lent, if it was the reality of ecclesiasticism, and if he preached his mind of death, or ours, who was sharing the time with him.' Newman decided to have a cup of tea to have a break. Keble's soul in his death had been, in fact, as if the ascension with the aroma of the ocean tide that he may have felt, as Newman had been together in the dew of the green garden for the house of truth to be learnt where the same power of nature for life, sweet, seductive after the rain on that. The wave had repeated as the morning hymns, whether Newman himself had actually seen his fellow's spirit absorbed into the clouds above. Reborn ...? Someday. And the sun would shine onto him again. And Keble would enquire him as their old days, 'Do you know the Virgin Mary's effort that she shouldn't have so much loved the infant?'² The answer would be defined someday, by the ship, crossing the sea in the harmony of the gospel over the water and the wind that would pray for it. The vessel was going to get ashore on the land where in freedom and liberty with the pure faith and grace, being ushered by the

beckoning of our Lord, under the night sky. The most beautiful soul would become visible in the future, Newman cleared his hazy mind after settling the cup on the plate, and he found himself that the Dream of Human Will he was to send.

Chapter III / In 1968



(1) January In 1968

On her arrival at the neighboring Catholic church, Sister Mary had welcomed Anna and her ground mother Beth, and they had exchanged the homage to celebrate the upcoming Christmas, then, Sister Sasha had opened the door for them. After the entrance, the crucified figure above the alter, he had been always there, and she had confirmed her own unperturbed mind, presumably because of him. 'What did he do? Something bad? Aren't his hands sore? Before the day for his birthday, does he have to be in pain, and looking at himself like me?'

Christmas in the town where Anna had been born, was celebrated little earlier than the others, moreover the small credence table in front of the main sacramental preparation, which was rigged for the days before the Eve, was the equal custom for their anniversary, and her adoration for it since her childhood, as well as Christ on the cross. Every winter, she could remember the petit duffle creamy coat, Beth had given it to her, saying, 'The toggles are easier for your age.' As she lived with Beth, just the two of them. She had been in the woolen sweater, and had run to the ornaments in the living room. The candles and the golden baubles, additionally the silver rosary on the Bible that had been in the middle of the sacramental table, and there had been the second surface to be harvested with the cakes, candies, bread and wine. Anna had wanted to know about

these, but whenever she had asked Beth or the Sisters in the church, she had been to see their fingers on their noses, 'If you speak in such a raucous voice, he couldn't come here.' And their charming smiles, as if they had returned to the same age as Anna, who had been approximately 5 years old after the age of the first confession for the children, and her fancy had shifted towards, 'Can I put a candy into my mouth?'

Anna had been baptized in one month from her birth, the little delay had been caused by the death of her mother Flora. She didn't know Flora's face as well as her husband Scot, who was Beth's son. However, before Anna's entrance to the local college, she had been told from Beth about the financial support from him, especially for her learning in that opportunity. She knew Scot, who had already lived with the different family in the different state, and she had never ever forgotten of his letter to Beth, 'I have to work more than before, for Anna to be happy.' She was enough happy with Beth, and appreciated that she could have begun the study about social care, except one of her thought, whether if she had been with her parents, they would have told her about him.

Anna was spending her time with Beth on New Year's day. The count down broadcast, the fireworks were also above the fortunate couple, who married in the beginning of the year, and the Star Spangled Banner on their behind. Beth turned down the volume, and as she was inclined to go her bedroom, she spoke to Anna, 'If your ground father hadn't proposed to be with me, I would have been as Mary and Sasha. As I so cherished him, there was no wonder on me, and I think that the life for me that I could select is surely from God. And you are the great legacy of him, if he had been with us, he would have been proud of you.'

It was the middle of January, when Anna returned from the bookstore, she saw Beth snoring in the kitchen, and it continued until sunset. 'Have you eaten something for today?' She asked Beth, but no answer. 'Beth...?' While they were on the paramedics car, Beth became her complete coma.

In the waiting room of hospital, since the doctor's elucidation on the condition of Beth, induced Anna's lethargic dullness, it completely exhausted her power of contemplation that tapered into the nadir, yet the children were frolicking for the heroic world within their creative merri-ment there, whether they had their ground mother, then their granny would prepare for tea in her sufficient look at her vigorous family, and regardless of Anna who was musing on them, realistically, TV was making sounds at the corner of the reception counter, which could be partly caught by her ears.

"America will preserve our goal is peace at the earliest possible moment."¹

"A very fruitful visit and talks with ... the Pope and I shall his hope ..."²

"Cultural and educational exchanges ..."³

(Anna had also the days for college.)

"Nuclear danger ..."⁴

(Instinct of survival, everyone made attention at the moment.)

"America's might and America's bravest sons..."⁵

"We must live in the children already born in the villages...."⁶

“... new highways”⁷

(Highway was visible from the entrance of hospital.)

“Americans between the promise and reality ...”⁸

“Job training is...”⁹

(After, such as, a decade... what would she be doing?)

“... is more housing”¹⁰

(Her house where she would return was not the home. She didn't have the memory of her family but with Beth.)

“Family, House and America.”¹¹

(She was about to stand from the seat.)

“Medicare, Medical, and other new programs that ...”¹²

(However, the word, 'Medicare' made her re-sit.)

“We will find a cure in a great many instances”¹³

(Cure ... As she felt impossible hope, she decided to go back to her house for tonight.)

Beth was changed her ward from the intensive care unit to the single room for the serious patient. Beth continued to sleep, but there was sometimes rapid hiccups-like unstable respiration begun, and it was preceded to her pus stuck. Anna pressed the call for the nurses. ‘How often will it happen? Is this only the defect of the empty body that is imposed to make function for the rest of the thirty days? There is no guarantee that she doesn't feel pain, even in the trifle degree by her weakened nerve. Whether such a month is the final for every human being, who spent the

length of time with work and home, what have we done?' Anna's mind spoke to herself.

The Sisters from the church visited Beth at night, and sat by the side of her bed, yet their charity provoked Anna's memory with her ground mother, and they were as if came from the different world that Anna was gradually losing from her mind.

'What has she done?' It was the time that Anna was trapped to count the days for the life of Beth, and whenever she was repulsive to make the numbers, she protected herself by means of inculcating her circulative thought. Anna raised her body to the white venetian blind, and she turned the core. The quiet rain exposed the shadowy blurred walls for the final place, and the fallen needles from the above, conspiringly veiled the residues of lives, having been spent by the people who had been close to their ends. Did Beth speak something? The old woman's squeaking breaths were as if the communication for plea. Although it may have been happened by the eerie phenomena between the tube and the pus, Anna was impelled to consider it as Beth's utterance on the day. She had already enough listened to the voice of the prayer, as well as the plenty of fascinating stories from her. Beth may have been proud of her...Anna attempted to move the mask on her mouth. Even though she found the deep-rooted tube in her throat, there was no hesitation on her, and her haste was not for the guilt, yet it was to save her ground mother from pain, and as soon as she gripped the thick tube, the patient's monitor exhibited the unstable torsade, the trembling body was thought to exacerbate where it had achieved. There was a moment of longing for breath, but soon after, how long had Beth suffered until showing Anna her sleeping face on every Sunday afternoon? The machine informed the emer-

gent situation by the flickering lamp, and it may also have alarmed the nurse room.

Beth's death was determined in tranquility as if the storm had gone. The nurse's hands were accustomed to settle the body, and as they caused no communication with Anna, 'I am sorry, I couldn't make call.'

'You may have been very tired. I also have my aunty in her age.' They knew well how to speak about death.

Anna returned to her house, to prepare for the funeral, and to settle Beth's belongings, walking in the rain, the military jeep passing through, the sneeze of engine, little nostalgia, the whiff of the prevalence.

Without tuning on for luminosity, she phoned the church, and as she was asked if she was sure for all, she answered yes. The life was mysterious, even though such fatal of Beth, while she had been in hospital, the house had had the expression of Beth, but then, the rugs, the furniture, and the smell of their days had already been informed the fact of her death. The artificial gleam in her house only exposed the reality, and she wasn't still until the patters from the roof stopped. There was her penance, because she should have cried in the emergency car, equally she should have wept when she had been noticed Beth's life expectancy, but she couldn't have. She felt her mind destroyed by the existence of her minuscule hope at the times, and indeed, she had clung to it.

When she went back to the ward, there was not only the doctor, but also the police. The gauze, the tubes hadn't been there, and the striped sunshine from the window rippled onto the white floor. The protruded sheets and the fabric on Beth's face, these were completely solidified, rather than the body in the eternal rest. As soon as she gave the signed documents to the doctor, the female officer made her voice.

'Are you Anna Sutton, and the deceased Beth Sutton is your ground mother?'

'Yes.'

'If you are with us, we have to talk about her death, but not here.'

'Yes.' When she left the room with the police, the doctor never gave his look to Anna, as if the different person to whom he had had his words, 'Beth was with her admirable effort for her life.' She didn't wished if the time would have returned when Beth had breathed on the bed, but when Anna had been in society.

While she was in the police car, she caught the passing views of the accustomed streets between her house and hospital, how many times? Whether this road was where Beth and the infant Anne had once experienced after Flora's death.

'We should like to know how your ground mother dead.'

'I don't know if this is for all the immediate family.'

'No.'

'Why?'

'You need not to ask why?'

‘I couldn’t make nurse call, because Beth made the strange sound from her throat.’

‘Her pus stuck in her tube, but the nurses have the way, and it was not the condition that you should have been shocked, after the weeks of your care for her.’

‘I learn social care in college, and at that time, Beth suffered more than before, and I wanted to get rid of her pain before the nurses, and I looked at the monitor and her mask.’

‘Did you touch any equipment?’

‘No’

‘Yes, you touched.’ It was the first time when the male officer dealt with Anna.

(2) January-February In 1968

The red brown mountain, the trees impetuously lost the shapes when she entered the field. She was confined within the small room, and unless she opened the door, the iron fence never revealed. She spent her time almost on her bed, as the officer had told her, 'You need not to do anything for a while, as well as you don't take part in any activities here.' The rules had been read about the times of meals and the shower.

When she met her attorney, Oren, she was pleased, and said, 'I haven't seen the person like you for long.' She was explained what she had to do henceforth, and he promised her that she wouldn't be for the capital punishment, and she would be able to go out from there, with his bushy hands settling the bundle of documents into his portmanteau, the middle sized bear like body, his hair little unkempt, yet reliance on the pomade carried the relaxed atmosphere in the square room.

Whether the death had been on Beth or Anna herself, the peculiar suspicion was often emerged, as she opened her eyes surrounded by the concrete walls, until she received the letter from Sister Sasha, the funeral for Beth had been taken place in the church by the Sisters, Beth's silver rosary and the Bible enclosed with the picture were trickled. She arranged these on the diced desk in her space as if the days before Christmas, the objet d'art, thereafter she climbed up on the portable chair, just below the thrifty opening that was structured as the sash window before the iron

bars. She managed to achieve her finger horizontally by putting it to make cross with the solitary fence, without the mind why she was doing this, presumably by the letter informing her about Scot, who had already moved his house, and he was intending to terminate the parental relationship with Anna, as well as that Sister Mary and Sasha were waiting to accommodate the covenant for her, 'Do you like our idea?' Or Anna was praying for Beth, as their valediction hadn't been done yet. 'The Father in heaven, shone by His name, this is my body, for all of you, and do this as the memory of me.'¹ Grayish dark blue of night, no stars except her tears, the day of the winter was about to be the end.

For the first appearance to be close, Anna regularly went out her room. The uniformed woman was always with her to go down the stairs, after many fences were unlocked, Anna's seat faced to the white gowned male, who gave her a lot of questions, and the medical examinations were done for her with her signatures on the papers to consent, whenever she confirmed her place imprinted, 'Treatment Center For Females' at the edge of the square, which the hygienic title might have made the people turn their backs from the excess interrogation where it was. If Beth had heard it, she would have said that these days, everybody had become benevolent. She had been born in the end of the previous century, and had experienced the three wars. Had she ever been thought why Beth's parents had given her life, during those difficult periods? However, indeed, at that time, Beth had declared that she had lived blissfully, and she had taught Anna what had been called 'good' under God, which had been absolute, and ultimately Anna had opened the gate for Beth to ascend, as the salvation from her suffering, did Beth appreciate her?

The reserved sumptuousness of the court, the judge and the juries were intentionally under their mantles as if the automata for justice, for their duty that they had to solve what human beings had been tenaciously yearning for, on the specific field, by the physical word being called 'the law'.

Before Anna's appearance to the court, she had had the time with Oren in where had been of the vainly struggle to make the ones' comfort. He had worn the same business suit as their first meeting, and the po-made in his attempt to settle the trace of the pillow. 'As you know, we have concern your mental condition, but I would like to sit next to you, not my representation alone. Because I should prove what your personal-

ity is, what you are feeling on, what you have done in ethical consideration, then I will induce the same as you, from all of them in the place. I am confident that they have already been so. Although the persecutors are to mention disturbing suspicions on you, these are only what they have to do in public. Please trust me that everybody is for you to live with the Sisters, for your uttermost desire. Don't panic, and if you can't answer the questions, pass these to me as soon as possible. Anna, I don't know the defeat, and I think that this is because of my sincere affection for the criminal law, and fortunately, for my boss, my confidence is his treasure... I would like to share it with you.'

The judge read the rights for Anna, and she thought of them that were very common for us, in the expressed mercy of society for the criminals, and the judge pronounced them very well, along with the exact definitions of 'rights' and 'compassion', which were no more than, or less than the dictionary, then Anna made oath. She found Sister Mary and Sasha on the spectator's seat, who was the Mother Priory, gave her encouraging smile, and the Novice Mistress slightly waved her hand, but the young Sister on their seat had the nervous visage, as if it was happening to herself. Anna glimpsed the flag at the corner of the stage. The picture of America had always the same face in the unchanged attire, but it provided the people with the finest apt of their contexts. 'Can we tell a lie to the judges and the lawyers, or the plaintiffs? Yes, we can, and it is only that we are punished for the perversion, then what about this flag? It means you to betray thousands of the burning stars in the eternal depth of the sky.'

The statement of each profession taught her many. Such as that albeit she had already confessed what she had done, their detailed investigation had revealed the artificial arrangement of the endotracheal tube. Even though there were the frequent cases for the patients whose attempts to eradicate the objects from their natural organs, the fistula of Beth's throat had had the definite trace of the intention to settle it back by the immature hand. Additionally, Anna was informed about the pink pill in detail, which had been given her to sedate the mental status as the resolution of insomnia, on the night of her arrest and before the court. Interestingly, the tablet had been in the similar vividness of the trend, whose answer about the expected future had been described with the effort of humor in the catchy manner, tender enough, with the dreamt hope.

Oren spoke over everyone, albeit his defense was intended for the judge, his echo over the high ceiling spreading around the spectators, and they began to attend the judgment. The discussions in the court were like the surface of the shore, gradually towards the horizon. 'The twenty years old, her inheritance from the deceased is the modest house, and the saving for her single life less than one year, moreover her biological father Mr.Scot has already abnegated the guardianship, that is the proof for her pure mens rea².' However, the plaintiff rather pounced upon it as the comment was within their expectation, 'The other potential is, the desperate actus reus³ of the defendant for the medical cost.' In fact, Anna hadn't told Scot about Beth's illness, and she stood to answer the judge.

'I forgot about him. It was not because of my ground mother's illness or shock, but it was always.'

‘Don’t you like him?’

‘Neither.’

Then, Oren took his turn. ‘She could demand for the financial help to Mr.Scot, if she desired. Her tuition fee for her college was paid by him, verily the defendant, and the deceased who was seventy eight years old, appreciated for that. I have ever made contact with Mr.Scot’s legal representative, and regarding the situation what he is informed, he doesn’t blame his daughter who killed his mother, in his consent with his daughter’s life of the covenant, as well as it is impossible for Mr.Scot to think about the negative relationship between the deceased and the defendant by the frequent letters from the deceased to him. Now, Mr.Scot is making plea via his representative, as his partner and the children are spending their important period.’ Oren threw the buoy at the plaintiff, and they caught it, saying, ‘The suffering of the deceased was beyond the common level to have been supposed by the defendant, and we suggest that the question of the dignitary right should require adequate testimony.’ The person from hospital whom Anna hadn’t ever seen was on the witness stand, ‘The almost vegetative state of the patient Mrs.Sutton, but she was not appropriate for euthanasia, whose condition still kept her conscious to feel her own existence for the rest of her life, as she had the cornea reflex against the pain, and we should have still retained our hope to prevent any pain in medicine. Because that the unexpected situation often happens on the patients, miraculously opening their eyes, and talking to their families, even just before their deaths. As the deceased and the defendant were felt as the affectionate parental relationship, we didn’t suggest for it, moreover it is firstly taken into consideration by the requests from the patients themselves or the immediate families, as well as the

fact that the defendant wrote Mr. Scot's name on our administrative documents, and we believe that it should be the common notion since medicine is for the cure and life.' The process of the court was certainly being reduced to the fact of Anna's diminished responsibility, as if the gradually narrowing focus, its vertex was on her. Oren requested to the judge for the one from him, with his restrained volume in the sound of severity, 'Yes, judge, as you may be supposing that we are afraid of her imprisonment as a murderer.' Anna had been acquainted with the one on the lectern, as his white coat in the lower floor of the Treatment Center. He was talking with the bundle of the aligned waves, and these were too calm for the Creation to live in the tangible days. While Oren was preparing for his papers, according to the statement from the box, Anna remembered about the limited stock of the photo magazines in the medical room.

The officers with Anna, rarely had had their words except the necessities for the life, yet she had looked into the page in Anna's hands, and she had asked her, 'I can give you the other, if you are scared off by this.'

'No, I am all right. However, it is sometimes difficult to know about Vietnam. The South is in alliance with us?' Then, she had been taught by the index finger circling the specified article.

Oren's voice returned back her conscious to the time in present. 'The decision for her place was made according to the investigators' reports, and the medical examination on her, including EEG, polygraph, these are the exact reports from her psychiatric practitioner. She has already confessed her own sin without the mind of guilty, as if she speaks about her justice. The continuous observation of the pain and the suffering, of whom the defendant mostly adores caused her temporal neurosis. The ill-

ness is distinguished rather than schizophrenia that has been increasing nowadays, in the aspect that the patients try to find own solution by the degraded mental faculties within what they can, and in her case, the failure culminated in her persecution was proceeded in the serious apathy.⁴ Now, she doesn't have the ability to keep her own conscious, regardless, she is in necessity to know about her mistake, but judge, in my honest mind, is this only she? She did it, as if she rescued the one who was drowning. Every day in detention doesn't concern her on the bed with her eyes opened. She has lost the mind to find the answer what she did. A few hours of participation of the culture activity in the center can't solve it. She has already well known the importance of the rule of life that is the prohibition of harm and pain onto the others, and ironically, her morals were proved by her actus reus. She needs to learn via her devoting life to society, being surrounded by the people who pursue the ethical quality, and their profession to be faithful for the highest authority. The Sisters in the church, whom the defendant has been familiar with since her childhood, as the proved relationship of the deceased among them, pleasantly make agreement for the guardianship assisted by the sufficient local sympathy in their area. Moreover, they are enough to be burdened the responsibility for her conditions. What we should do for her is to return her previous mind of, "for the people" as she learnt the social care in college. The Sisters will give her work, and this work has, actually the manual solutions. And, regarding her controversial status, and if she tries to find any answer about the deceased, as well as life and death, the activities on the probation can fulfill the conditions to be acquired by her. Even under the circumstances, judge, should we insist on the law code for the onus of proof that the consent of euthanasia shall be made authentically with the patients, but the deceased, who lost the self

autonomous, and who didn't know about her own exposure of the devastated striving for breath. Should the place is only to be punished? No. I beg United States, our country, the one should be given the chance of rehabilitation, as long as the fact that she has been given the chance to exist with us. How do we compensate the future progeny, the salvation from pain is bad? And if we are looking at the one's suffering whom we love, there is no guarantee for us to keep our mind. Pardon me for my digress, I as the profession who lives in the law society, I shall enquire where the euthanasia bill in 1937⁵ has gone?' There were the preserving chuckles from the audience, and the judge took the gavel. Oren reconciled with them to show his palm. 'The case of the fratricide in 1947⁶, which was considered as the mercy killing, was given the verdict for five years, as the second degree murder. However, for her exoneration for today, the place was in hospital, as well as no use of weapon to the less than one month life expectancy, without premeditation and malice aforethought. I hope for the US jurisprudence has made progress since the previous milestone of the euthanasia.'

The judge spoke to Anna, it was the final process of her initial appearance. There was no intention of the justice of the court to accuse her, or compassionate with her, but to confirm the truth.

'Miss. Sutton, you made lie against the first interview in the police station, is that correct?'

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'Because I wanted to be alone.'

'And after you settled your mind, you would have been in free.'

‘I didn’t know, how long? I didn’t have the idea.’

‘You don’t have the idea even now?’

‘Yes, if the Sisters and my lawyer hadn’t suggested for me.’ The one took the note silently, and indicated the closing.

Oren promised to submit the details of her probation by the time for the first appeal trial, and in the next, the requirements were completed. Just when the judge was about to call the adjournment, the attorney in the persecution side enquired Oren. ‘Finally, please bestow us to be certain about the risk of mala prohibia,⁷ the violation of the law. The veiled controversy exists in its definite color to warn for the gray area.’

‘If the one stands among the gray with the one’s own hue, the slithery has the place to be grasped. We shall believe the people.’

‘Thank you, thank you for your words, Mr.Oren.’ The keen reverberations struck from the judge’s bench.

There was inexperienced constraint to propel, and it was also the inexperienced repose for Anna on the way to her place, Oren asked her. ‘See, I fulfilled my promise with you, didn’t I?’ Then, without the time for her to reply, ‘I need to prepare for my next attendance.’

Anna thought if she should have been enraptured in jubilant cry with her excessive gratitude, yet actually she didn’t, and she was to be, someday. While the twentieth century went beyond the middle of it, they were living in such.

(3) March-May In 1968

Listening to Anna's favorite bell pealing from the chapel, Hartlyn came to their room to tell her, 'No, Anna, I can't.'

'All right then, I will.'

'What do you think Anna, is it going without problem? I haven't ever ascended the presbytery, yet, and I haven't been informed who will take the celebrant, Sister Mary or Father Daren. Anyway, I need to go by car.'

'Will Jiera drive? And if so, I am not sure, at all.'

Anna shared everything with Hartlyn, as there was no permission to possess except any sanitary commodities, after the vow of poverty.

Hartlyn opened the wardrobe and arranged the sleeve for herself. 'Sorry for that, you will have spent for four days in the Casualty Assistance Office, but you need to know about the prayer.'

'No mind, as I like there as our chapel. And I am in novitiate, as I can be in abito piano, I will do it more than now.'

Jiera visited their room to tell Hartlyn that the car was in ready. The ring of the automobile key whistled to ding, and they went downstairs in the dormitory. Albeit Anna didn't have the car license, and it would be throughout her life, she liked her rosary that was her ardor in it. Jiera was for Hartlyn, so that she had to find someone to the volunteer office, as

soon as she thought, the juniorate came back to her, 'I will drop you off in front of the office.'

After the small passage among the vernal hills, there was Father Daren's church-school, then the graveyard where the flags were streaming for zephyr as if the wings to fly.

'That's a little weedy, I guess.'

'No, the place is not for the funeral, no one goes there.'

'They can spread their picnic seats over there.'

'That shouldn't be the ground sheet anymore, you know, the jungle in Vietnam is very muddy, and they wanted to dry their uniforms and the combat boots.'

'Who said it?'

'Mr. Colin returned and told Sister Sasha, no, Father Daren to Sister Sasha, and me.'

'Thank you for the exact, and that's the exact place for the car, I can enter from the backdoor. See you then, and have a nice praying for the Virgin.'

'Bless you, Anna.'

Anna entered the office, and sat for the one of the desks, subsequently the organizer from the Veteran Administration ordered her to assist the visitor. The young woman was presumably little elder than Anna, and they began to write on the documents for the funeral for her husband. The difficult work for the data collection format was usually done by the members of the administration, but in the case that the private funeral

had been taken place, the family had to have a pen to be supported for any cost. 'For his service, the Taps and the firing were provided, and we check these brackets. And the invoice should be attached. Can I see his military identification? His rank and the unit, all the necessary information about him is written on this.'

'I do know nothing about him in the field. And I think that I am the happy wife of him.'

'Yes.'

'I have already filled where I can on this document by myself, but I am hardly able to write his social security number. For our home, the credit card to buy for our children for Christmas, when we married, and when his national health insurance was expired, that is the trace of his life.' The guy on the picture, one definite fact was that nobody could see him since his body had been fragmented. Every Sunday, Anna also helped the practices of their funerals, and listened to the committal service, "If Lord had been there, he would have lived." Then Jesus said to Martha, "Believe me, he will rise.'" ¹

'Have you ever searched for his soul? I am a novitiate nun, and I shouldn't talk about death because I haven't yet known about it. However, I believe Jesus, on the other hand I can't believe that the life would be completely lost. The life means, such as your husband's exhilarated mind, when he married with you, and when he saw your children. How is it disappeared? Even if you got the time to forget about him, the moments of the truth of his soul can still live.'

'I can live with him forever by doing this?'

'Yes, I believe.'

It was the same day as their recreation room received the TV set from the volunteer office, since the situation of the Cold War was becoming serious. Sister Sasha told Anna to arrange the weeds on the yard as those were partly in red brown. A few weeks later, the garden hat brimmed for the shade, the butterflies were for the blooms, she recalled about the recent broadcasts, while she was cutting them. She had watched the guy who had fallen down onto the ground, whose anger for justice, he had been assassinated in his smile to welcome his friends. His faith had been always expressed with his sweet heart for all human beings. And after the time had elapsed nearly for one week, the new recruitment of the soldiers to Vietnam had been announced. 'Do we still need more sacrifice for the freedom of the world? And such freedom can also include the freedom of soul to achieve God, the untethered Creation to the celestial heaven.' Anna whispered her words ebb and flow in her mind, yet Sister Mary's sermon the day before was the adequate response on Anna's repetitive inquiry. 'The light from the Above shines the earth to be better place onto the ones in their physical bodies, and towards the Lord's Throne when the bodies die.' Anna was clearing the field, as if these were the blood stains of the guy and the bodies.

'Good day to work, isn't it?'

'Yes, Father.' Anna heard the voice in his cassock among the cross stones, with his dawdled steps, then he stood in front of the one, and indicated it to Anna. The memorial had the one star on its shoulder with the marigolds accompanied the soil for the candle like coziness. 'Colin returned, but not Kevin and he. Rodriguez had been on Kevin's airmobile to the jungle, but they went to God differently.'

'Is Rodriguez here?'

‘Yes, he is. Whenever I meet these stones, I can’t help blaming myself, the aligned tombs with the promise of eternal happiness for the ones, who fought for happiness ... has God already been faraway from us? Colin gave it to me.’ Father Daren opened the soldier’s personal notebook, and took the blood stained letter from it.

‘I am staying hotel just before the day to leave the city, the item of things that I should carry, if I think about tomorrow, I would hear the sound of the engine, and my mind would be for the operation only, so that I take such of it that I think nothing about tomorrow, and I can avoid my mistake to leave the plastic poncho in the room. If not, I would regret among the middle of the monsoon rain that is the same as the height of the grass, the minutes of firing rain, but the sky is gray, I would smell the muddy soil. Presumably, I would remember about this night, if I was without peril, and there is just one thing coming up to my mind, am I forgiven to know, and feel, more, more after me. Who is going to stay this hotel room? Does the one know about me? Does the one know this letter I am running my pen to you, now ?

After the decades, her mind or his mind may be appropriately relaxed, more than half for enjoying on holiday, but the rest of the thing might be..., he will think about the day when he should return to his work. And she will settle the goods that she will have bought, but she has to clean quickly her house before the shower.

I was like them, and I am not he, but I can feel as if I am looking forward to the car that would be hired for tomorrow, to go to the seaside. I will be such feeling, until I fasten my haversack, and face to my compass, not to be the stray lamb by your taught, and I say farewell to you, hoping everything all right to our Father.

Sincerely,

Rodriguez, your former student'

END OF THE STORY

Completed 15th September 2014 in Buenos Aires

Appendix (Endnotes)

(Chapter I-I: The Latter Of The Fifth Century AD)

1. The Monastery

1. Viol.
2. Roman Mass Of Right.
3. Megalynarion.
4. Te Deum Laudamus.

2. The Spring Festival

1. Matthew 26-56.

3. The Visitor

1. The existence of the Sarabites was known by ‘The Doctrine of St.Benedict’/St.Benedict.
2. Peter 1:8.
3. The Custom of monastery, the formal exchanges when the guests arrived, was referred, ibid,St.Benedict.
4. Matthew 26-34.
5. Luke 11:11-12.
6. Mark 2:25-27.
7. Luke 10:5.
8. St.Benedict,ibid.

4. The Assembly

- 1.Mark1:7.
2. Samuel I : 14:26.
3. Matthew 10:28.
4. Matthew 24:8.
5. John 10:11.
6. Luke 20:25.
7. Mark 4:5-6.
8. Chronicles 22:3.

5. The Lamenting Land I

- 1.St.Benedict,ibid.
2. The methodological aspect for the ritual of Entry was referred,ibid, and the oath, Peter 1:1:22-23.

6. The Second Visitor

- 1.The existence of the Landlopers was known by, ibid, St.Benedict.
- 2.Ibid.
- 3.Ibid.
- 4.Theotokion.

8. The Battles & The Apocalypse

- 1.Judges 14:18.
- 2.Matthew16:3.
- 3.Epicurus.
- 4.Mark 23:24-25.
- 5.Ibid.
- 6.Peter2: 1:21.
- 7.Corinthian15:10.
- 8.Matthew 8:24-27.
- 9.This celebration was referred,Psalm 21.

10. The End Of The Land

- 1.Samuell: 20:18.
- 2.Corinthians 9:10.

(Chapter I-II: 597-Before 633)

2. Gregory The Great 595 AD-596AD

- 1.St.Bede, 'The Ecclesiastical History Of The English People'.
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(Profile / Sachiko Tamaki)

May 1975- Born in Japan.

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November 2013 - After the first draft 'Daisy', the research for 'Canopy Of Azure' began, the idea of the story gradually formed.

Winter, 2013 'Academic Essays' / Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

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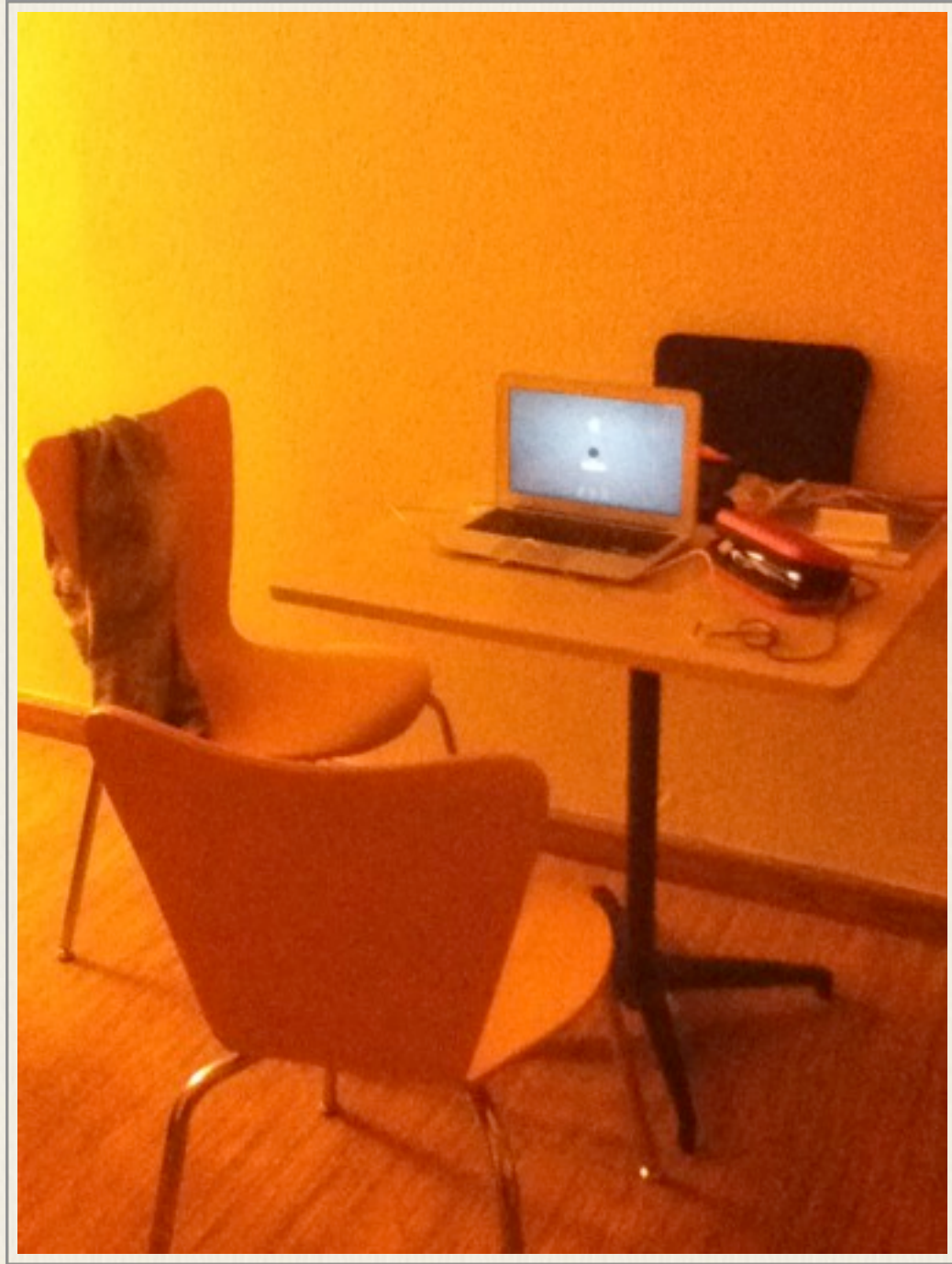
Spring 2014 'The Short Stories' / Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

May 2014 - Travel to USA. The reference & the material note, the production note, for 'Canopy Of Azure' completed in Washington D.C and Maryland.

July 2014 - 'Canopy Of Azure', the plot outline completed in California, the first draft writing began.

August 2014 - Travel to Argentina, stay in Buenos Aires.

September 2014 'Canopy Of Azure' published online.



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